

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE House on Thursday last defeated a bill to keep in existence the educational department of the Freedmen's Bureau until January, 1871; and that institution, which has done so much good, but which probably has now done pretty much all the good it can, comes to an end in June next. The bill in regard to Mississippi, Virginia, and Texas also was discussed on Thursday and passed, only 24 votes being given against it—all thrown by Democrats—and the Reconstruction Committee being unanimous in its favor; the Democratic members, however, approving of it only because they thought it "the best they could get." There will be, apparently, no real opposition to it anywhere, South or North. On the same day the Indian Appropriation Bill came up in its last form, and the Senate having receded from all its amendments, the President now has power to expend two millions of dollars as he may deem best in giving peace to the Plains. The "ten persons eminent for intelligence and philanthropy" who, with the President, shall exercise joint control with the Indian Bureau in the management of Indian affairs will probably be chosen from the "Orthodox," as distinguished from the Hicksite, Quakers. This is the worst of bad news for the Indian Ring.

During Friday's session the House was treated to another of the little scenes with which the country is occasionally favored by Mr. Butler, Mr. Logan, and Mr. Schenck. Mr. Schenck, whom the "barrel of telegrams" seems not to frighten very much after all, took occasion to remark, in the course of a speech on the Whiskey and Tobacco Bill, that there is a class of people who are not fond of making open attacks on an enemy, "but insinuate lies, thus adding cowardice to falsehood." Upon this Mr. Logan, who is no less easily roused than fearful when roused, enquired of Mr. Schenck if "he alluded to him," and if he was the cowardly liar of whom Mr. Schenck was speaking. Mr. Schenck said that Mr. Logan was not. Then Mr. Butler, who must have been very much puzzled that there should be discussion of this point, wished to know "if it was not the Pharisee who said 'I thank God that I am not as other men are'?" He got no definite reply to this question, Mr. Schenck only feeling able to say that "he thought it very probable." He seemed to think, however, that his honorable friend would not languish in a state of ignorance. "Anything that hypocrisy may have

uttered, I dare say," Mr. Schenck continued, "will be familiar to the gentleman in whatever form it may come"; and he went on to express his opinion that the imputations that had been cast on him personally, or on the Committee of Ways and Means, have in all cases been the coinage of base minds, which charge others with crimes of which they feel themselves to be capable. It will be remembered that Mr. Holman, of Indiana, holds a similar belief in respect of imputations that Mr. Butler not long since cast on him and another one of the House Committee. On Saturday, after having been up all night, the House passed a resolution expressive of sympathy with Cuba. Nearly everybody of both parties voted with Mr. Banks on the occasion, and that gentleman added another "gratifying trophy" to his other similar treasures.

The Brown family of Rhode Island occupied four hours of the Senate's attention on to-day week, Mr. Sprague on that occasion explaining at length to a large audience the meaning of the mysterious postscript to a recent letter of his which has been the subject of a good deal of conjecture. "Show this to Ives & Co." meant, it appears, that Mr. Sprague desired the Browns to understand that, rich and influential as they are, they do not terrify him, and that he intends still to resist them and their allies. Mr. Anthony's remarks in evening session may possibly keep Mr. Sprague quiet for the future, but it is hardly probable; the workingmen of Washington have serenaded him, as being, to their apprehension, a true enemy of aristocracy and a friend of toil and virtue. Furthermore, the Democratic press begin to hail him as a man whose course during the war was not what a patriot could approve, but who now shows indications of possessing a statesmanlike mind. This last speech closed with "a general statement of what he would do if he were President." On Friday the Senate, by a vote of 44 yeas to 9 nays, passed the sixth or seventh reconstruction bill. It was framed in compliance with Grant's last message, and reads as if it might lead to a speedy restoration of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas to the Union. In brief, it authorizes the President to direct the military officers in command to enlarge and revise according to law the registration lists in the three excluded States, and to designate a day for the election of legislatures, members of Congress, and State officers of all kinds, and for the ratification of the constitutions already prepared.

Under an amendment offered by Mr. Morton and accepted by a majority of the members of the Senate, though opposed by some of the best heads among the senators, the legislatures must adopt the Fifteenth Amendment before the proceedings under the bill shall operate as "a complete restoration." That is not all, for Congress expressly reserves to itself the power to declare all the proceedings unsatisfactory. This threat will secure, it is probable, the ratification of the new constitutions and the selection at this first election of State officers and Congressmen with a reasonably good "record." After that, things will be as they may be. The hardship which Mr. Trumbull and others foresee in the Morton amendment consists in this, that it is not by the fault of the people of Texas and Mississippi, still more emphatically it is not the fault of the people of Virginia, that they did not pass on the terms of reconstruction offered, a year and more ago, to the South in general; and that, therefore, it is practically breaking faith with them to take advantage of this misfortune of theirs to impose on them new conditions. On the same day a bill was passed which provides for a thorough examination of the Pacific Railroad companies—an im-

portant measure, from which good results may the more reasonably be expected in that the President is empowered to appoint five men of probity to form a commission of general enquiry. Anybody who wants to know whether the commission will have anything instructive to say may turn to an article by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the younger, in a recent *North American Review*. On Saturday the Senate adjourned *sine die*; but on Tuesday, in special session, after a two hours' speech from Mr. Sumner, rejected the Alabama treaty with but one dissenting vote.

The great diplomatic appointments have at last been made. Mr. Motley goes to England, Mr. Jay to Vienna, and Mr. Curtin to Russia. Mr. Bancroft, we presume, remains where he is, and so does Mr. Marsh. In favor of Mr. Motley's and Mr. Jay's appointment there is everything to be said; they could hardly have been improved on, taken for all in all, though, of course, it would be easy to suggest changes for the better in both gentlemen if human beings could be made over. Mr. Curtin labors under the disadvantage of coming from a State in which every prominent man is suspected of corruption. It may seem unbecoming to make this remark in a New York paper, considering the condition of New York morals, but the truth must be told. It is to be hoped that the Mr. Curtin who has been already figuring in the legation at St. Petersburg, and who is, we believe, a relative of the ex-governor, is not to figure in it again. If so, we protest in advance and ask for an enquiry. Amongst the minor diplomatic appointments are those of two colored men, one Mr. J. R. Clay, of New Orleans, who goes to Liberia, and the other Mr. E. D. Bassitt, of Philadelphia, who goes to Hayti.

The nominations are not remarkable so much for the persons who have got them as for those who have not. Mr. Greeley apparently is to have nothing diplomatic, but the New York post-mastership is still amongst his possibilities, and the public will for more reasons than one heartily wish he may get it—or something of at least equal dignity and emolument. A good illustration of the way the President or anybody else is liable to be imposed on was afforded by the nomination of a Mr. Wadsworth for the United States marshalship of this district. He presented a recommendation signed by a great number of prominent politicians, but after his name had been sent into the Senate it came out that he was a bankrupt of a very doubtful kind—a large number of his debts being of the Jeremy Diddler order, and one or two cases of distinct swindling being produced against him. There is this, it is true, to be said in defence of the present system of appointments—the work of government has hitherto been done either by the strong and overbearing, or the upright, able, and generally respected; the weak, good-for-nothing, seedy, drunken, and shiftless, and knavish are now, at last, having a chance, and one has to have his heart cased in oak and triple brass to declaim against the poor fellows.

It is noticeable that in the distribution of the offices nearly every member of the Fortieth Congress who failed to be re-elected has been provided with a berth of some kind. Even the unhappy "original impeacher," Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, in spite of his poor "record," got the governorship of Montana, but by only one vote. There is hardly one of these unfortunates, however, who was not turned out by his constituents for excellent reasons. We should protest against this mode of consoling them, if there was the least likelihood that under the present system any better men would be put in their places. The Western men have got nearly all the South American appointments—the more polished European posts being reserved for Eastern "dilettanti" and "epicureans," as the War-horses are doubtless saying. Mr. Hale comes home from Spain. Mr. Sanford, of Belgium, takes his place. As Mr. Hale's diplomatic career is closed, we shall not go over the history of his troubles. He has behaved tolerably badly, and has subjected a very worthy man, Mr. Perry, to great humiliations and annoyances, and we are sorry that Mr. Perry cannot succeed him; but, after what has happened, his usefulness, too, is probably destroyed. One can hardly carry on warfare for several months with a War-horse on foreign soil without being shorn of a deal of dig-

nity and respect, and thus a new man is needed. Mr. Meredith Reed, Jr., will, doubtless, turn the consul-generalship at Paris to good account for historical purposes. We cannot take leave of the subject without saying that thus far the newspapers have been shamefully treated. But a single editor or publisher, to our knowledge, has got the smallest office as the reward of his last summer's "working for Grant."

Mr. Boutwell, who, by-the-bye, began his administration of the Treasury by the issue of perhaps the clearest and most comprehensive quarterly statement we have ever had since the news from the Treasury became interesting, seems likely to be troubled with a plethora of gold in the Treasury. The opinions which have from time to time been put forward as to the use the Treasury should make of these accumulations of gold would, if collected, be interesting reading through all coming time. For a long while the Secretary was supposed to be making the proper use of them when he held them *in terrorem* over the heads of the naughty gold speculators. When the fellows were running the premium too high, he was to come into the market, and sell out like mad, as the boys say, and frighten the wits out of them. This view was really based on the curious economical theory that the discount on inconvertible paper is simply the result of human wickedness, like war risks on ships, and, when the means of resuming specie payments was under discussion last summer, and everybody was furnishing his "plan," it produced from one writer the suggestion that we should get back to specie payments if the Secretary would use all the gold he could get hold of to surfeit the gold brokers, cramming them with it day by day, till they had lost all heart and stomach for speculation. Then Mr. Boutwell himself came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do with the surplus gold was to pay the interest on the bonds before it was due, deducting a proper discount, and asked for legal authority to do so, which it was found he had already. It is proposed now that he should use the gold, of which he has or will soon have \$80,000,000, in buying up Government bonds in open market. Would it not be well to apply to this, as to so many other problems of national finance, a few of the rules which regulate individual conduct? This accumulation of surplus gold is simply revenue over and above outlay. Now, a debtor should use his surplus income in paying his debts, and should pay them in the order in which they are due. The United States bonds are not due; the legal-tender notes are long past due, and the failure of the Government to take them up is believed by the most intelligent financiers to be one of the greatest evils of the day. What if the surplus gold were to be used in redeeming greenbacks? What is the objection to it? Who will lose, and what harm will be done by the Government honoring its own promises to pay to any extent it can? What excuse can it offer, when it has surplus gold in the Treasury, for not using it in this way?

The principal news of the "insurrection" in Cuba during the past week consists of an enquiry by Admiral Hoff into the seizure of the American brig *Mary Powell*; a report that several farms in "the interior" had been burned by the "insurrectionists;" the garroting at Havana of two insurgents, followed by a brutal onslaught on the crowd around the scaffold by the armed Spanish volunteers; and an assertion in a private letter received at Key West that the Government was going to "confiscate the property of all suspected parties;" a rumor that the rebels had decapitated one young girl and shot two others; a complimentary speech by the Captain-General; another rumor that the insurgents had set the woods on fire in the neighborhood of Puerto Principe; an assertion that the insurgent bands are "operating" Cinco Villas, and that their numbers are increasing near Santiago de Cuba, and a supposition that the Santiago de Cuba rebels are going to Cinco Villas, where they will "mass their forces." Our private opinion is—the grounds of it we shall not state—that the "massing" will not take place at Cinco Villas, but in another place—what place, it will be useless for the Spanish authorities to try to extract from us; the Cuban "staff" may count on us. But we do not mind saying that the operations of the insurgent troops in Washington and this city have during the week been as vigorous as ever. Several distinguished Cuban leaders expose themselves recklessly

every day on Pennsylvania Avenue and Broadway, to say nothing of Printing House Square, and some idea of the demoralization of the Spaniards may be formed from the fact that not a single attack has been made on them—showing that the acknowledgment of Cuban independence by the mother country cannot be very far distant. One great Cuban leader, Mr. Nathaniel P. Banks, is about this time "operating" on the line of the Jersey, and New York and Boston railroads, and the Spanish staff will probably hear of him during the summer along the Charles River.

The Supreme Court has pronounced—three judges dissenting—a very important decision during the week, in the case of the *State of Texas agt. White et al.*, being a suit by the State for an injunction to restrain certain parties from receiving payment of certain United States bonds belonging to the State, and to compel the surrender of the bonds. The first point was whether Texas was a State under the Constitution, and could therefore sue and be sued in the Supreme Court—in other words, whether the court had jurisdiction. The court decided that it had—that the union of States effected by the Constitution was indissoluble, and that Texas is now, and had been ever since her admission, a State in the Union, and that there was no way for a State to get out of the Union except by a constitutional amendment. Next, the court held that the state of things prevailing in Texas during the rebellion was a state of anarchy, that the setting up of a government by the President on the cessation of hostilities was a lawful act, and the government a valid government, though only provisional, and that the government substituted for it by Congress was also a valid government. The minority dissented on the question of jurisdiction. The famous McCordle case has been dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

The foreign news begins, after a period of great dulness, to be tolerably interesting. It is positively asserted in Paris, and in the best-informed quarters is believed, that a treaty has been concluded between France and Austria, and—though this less confidently—that Italy is included in the agreement; and that the object of the alliance is the humiliation or diminution of Prussia; Italy's reward to be, of course, Rome; that of France, the left bank of the Rhine; and that of Austria, any of the hundred possibilities which present themselves in Eastern Europe. Private advices represent the uneasiness of the Imperialists over the state of things in France to be much greater than the newspapers indicate, and a war as becoming every day more and more desirable. On the other hand, in the debate on calling out the new contingent of 100,000 men, Marshal Niel and M. Rouher, while saying one or two sharp things about Prussia, were very plain-spoken in their assurances of peace; and the Bourne seems to be tolerably tranquil. Among the smaller means of recovering his declining popularity to which the Emperor has resorted is the abolition of the workmen's "livret," a small book which each was obliged to carry, containing the record of all his previous engagements, and which is now held to be a badge of inferiority. The Emperor gave his views on the subject in very strong terms at the opening of a sitting of the Council of State, and the Council then went through the formality of discussing them and adopting them; and a bill abolishing *livrets* is accordingly to be introduced into the legislature. Unfortunately, the workingmen are said not to be grateful for the reform. They do not feel the degradation involved in carrying the book, and they do feel that it gives a man of good character a better chance than others.

With the middle classes the Emperor is adopting a different style of treatment, which can perhaps best be described as counter-irritation. The *Pays*, the semi-official Government organ, conducted by Paul de Cassagnac, the Imperialist bravo, has been reporting the wild speeches at the much-talked-of meetings at the "Redoute," but has reported them very much in the style in which the New York *Herald* used to report those of the Abolitionists in the old days before the war; and 100,000 copies of the report have been struck off, and are distributed by the Government for the purpose of frightening the owners of property and fathers of families in the country districts, preparatory to the general election. One statement made by M. Picard in the late debate on the army, however,

speaks volumes as to the state of French politics and society and the nature of the Imperial régime: between 1853 and 1866 there have been eighteen hundred millions of dollars spent on the army and navy, and on education sixty-five millions.

In Italy the dominant questions of the day, apart from the Austro-Franco-Italian treaty, are social rather than political. Duelling has become so prevalent that even Nino Bixio, himself a duellist of some renown, has raised his voice in the Parliament for the enforcement of the law against it, and has vigorously denounced his own conduct in ever having fought a duel. The minister declared, and probably with truth, that it was useless to attempt to enforce the law as long as public opinion remained in its present condition. An offence which everybody in the community does his best to screen, of course can rarely, if ever, be punished; and it will only disappear either before a general sense of the sin of it or of the absurdity of it—or, in other words, before the spirit of religion or of rationalism. Both have played their part in putting an end to it in our Northern States and in England; how it manages to survive in France, in the presence of the French sense of the ridiculous, is one of the curious problems of French social life. On the other hand, the "forces of the age" are fighting for Italy. Commerce is growing, real estate rising; the Archbishop of Salerno has been summoned before a court of justice for a libellous and inflammatory pamphlet attacking the Government; a convention of "come-outers" has been summoned to meet at Naples on the 8th of December, the same day that the Ecumenical Council meets at Rome; and, though last not least, a public meeting of the English Bible Society has been held at Naples, at which a report was read stating that 276,000 Bibles and 55,000 portions of the Bible had been sold in Italy—\$250,000 worth having been disposed of to Catholics alone. Even in Sicily, the colporteurs have been protected by the magistrates. We are so used to wonders that nothing seems wonderful. The Italy of to-day is not in all respects satisfactory, but to an Italian patriot of 1820 it would have seemed impossible that it should exist within half a century.

The news from England is all favorable to the early passage, even in the Lords, of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill. The discussion of the principle of the bill had been kept up in a desultory way down to the departure of the latest mails, but without throwing any new light upon it. The Tories have really made no defence of any weight. The attack on the hereditary principle of the peerage, for so it must be considered, has been renewed by the introduction of a new bill, authorizing the creation of life peers. That the crown once possessed the right to create peers for life is not doubted, but when the attempt was made to exercise it in 1856, in the case of Lord Wensleydale, the Lords held that the failure of the crown to use the right for over 400 years amounted to an abrogation of it, and passed a resolution denying the new peer's right to take his seat. The Lords were so determined on the point that Palmerston had to give way, and make Lord Wensleydale's title hereditary. The subject has never since been revived, but the necessity for some change, owing to the laziness and neglect of their duty of the hereditary peers, has become more and more apparent, while the political weakness of the House of Lords has steadily increased. The main reason for the attempt of 1856 was the necessity of providing a decent supply of law lords to hear appeals; there is now an additional reason, namely, the necessity of providing some means of letting the Lords "down easy." The fear that the new constituencies will not very long stand the hereditary peers, coupled with the fact that the hereditary peers show no signs of growing more industrious, is satisfying the moderate reformers of the necessity of furnishing some show of justification for the existence of the upper House, by introducing into it a larger number of men able and willing to work. It is most probable that the revival of the practice of creating life peers will lead gradually to the conversion of the House of Lords into a Senate composed of men of distinction drawn from the various professions—law, army, navy, literature, and science, and holding their seats for life. The hereditary peerage will be lucky if it is not allowed to die out by successive extinctions.

THE CUBAN "INSURRECTION."

As our readers know, a resolution has passed the House of Representatives offering to "support" the President whenever he thinks it proper to exercise the discretion vested in him by the Constitution to recognize the Cuban insurgents as lawful belligerents; and we need hardly say that it was introduced by Mr. N. P. Banks, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and that it was voted for by an overwhelming majority, under the influence of much the same motives as secured the passage of a similar piece of bunkum two years ago, on behalf of the Fenian "Republic." As far as the President is concerned, of course the resolution is simple bosh. It will be the duty of the President to recognize the existence of a state of war in Cuba whenever there is a war; and in discharging this duty he will need the support of the House to the same degree, and no more, as he needs its support in signing bills or composing his annual message. It was not, therefore, to encourage him in using his own eyes and exercising his own judgment that the resolution was introduced, but to help the speculators who are now trying to persuade the American public that there is a desperate "struggle" going on in Cuba, and that it is their duty and interest to help it. These speculators—for there are speculators in politics as well as in stocks—of course went to Mr. Banks as their best and surest friend; and he, of course, "reported" a resolution that would be likely to increase the excitement about the "revolution," and diffuse the impression that something tremendous was shortly going to happen in Cuba. The resolution, too, was so worded that it committed the Government to nothing, and was, therefore, pretty sure to be voted for by everybody who did not care to have his "record" defaced by even seeming opposition to a "war of independence" anywhere, and above all in one of the West India islands.

Now we have not a word to say against the recognition of the Cuban insurgents as belligerents the minute that authentic intelligence is received at Washington that they have organized a government, and that the government has an army at its orders, and has armed vessels at sea, which have sailed from its own ports. Whenever this state of facts is perceptible, the President will owe it to American citizens, and to the Cubans and Spaniards, to proclaim the neutrality of the United States, and we hope he will do it without fear or favor. There are some people in Washington who oppose his recognizing the Cubans as belligerents, as soon as Banks & Co. would like to have him, lest it should prejudice the American case in the *Alabama* controversy. But this, with all respect be it spoken, is not a proper or a creditable reason for holding back. In the *Alabama* controversy, as any one may see who will take the trouble to read the Adams-Russell correspondence or Mr. Bemis's pamphlets, the United States Government stood firmly on the law of nations, and under this law now asks for judgment. Its conduct toward Cuba ought therefore, and we doubt not will be, to be governed by the same rule, and not by considerations of temporary advantage. If it only refrains from premature recognition of Cuba lest it should furnish the English with a strong *tu quoque*, the whole claim against England must be founded in humbug and not in right. The application of the cunning of practitioners in criminal courts to the regulation of international relations, is just as objectionable as Mr. Parton's sentimental method. Our duty to Spain and the civilized world remains the same whether we want Cuba or not, just as we ought to pay the King of Denmark for his West India islands if we have really agreed to do so, without any regard whatever to the fact, which Mr. Parton gravely urges on our consideration, that his Majesty has brought up a large family with respectability.

The known weakness of Spain, the nearness of Cuba to the United States, and the known desire of a large body of persons here to see the island annexed, and the high ground the United States has been taking with regard to the duties of neutrals, all render it, however, extremely important that the public here, as well as the Government, should be kept well informed with regard to the facts of the alleged insurrection. Even if it have not as yet attained the proportions of a civil war, it is desirable that we should have the means of judging whether it is likely to do so, and, if so, how soon, and govern ourselves accordingly. If there be an insurrection, but it is plain that it has no chance of success, it is criminal in writers or speakers here to encourage it,

and thus drive hundreds of poor wretches to destruction, and keep the island in a state of turmoil; if there be no insurrection, or even the simulacrum of an insurrection, it is immoral, degrading, and ridiculous of Americans to play into the hands of Cuban adventurers and native filibusters, by pretending to believe that there is one. We lay no claim to special knowledge in this matter, and refrained for some weeks from expressing any opinion on the conduct of the performances of the Cuban refugees and sympathizers, in the expectation that they would, before long, produce some facts in support of their statements, and in justification of their attempts to drag this country into acts of hostility to Spain; but we have waited in vain.

We can now say with great, if not perfect, confidence, that the Cuban movement closely resembles the Fenian movement; that the seat of the "national" government is in the United States, and not in Cuba; that the leading "chiefs" of the revolution are to be found in the hotels and boarding-houses of Washington and New York, and not on blood-stained fields in the island; that they have furnished no evidence whatever that they are able, or even expect, to throw off the Spanish yoke themselves, and that the work they are now engaged in is an attempt to drag the United States into the quarrel; and that the sole support for their pretensions to be considered the representatives of a struggling nationality lies in the fact that the island is in a disturbed condition, that the bonds of authority are greatly loosened, and the interior a good deal disturbed by brigands and filibusters, or small parties of partisans, just as Ireland was while O'Mahony and Stephens were raising the wind amongst the servant-girls and laborers in 1866-7, and getting resolutions of sympathy from Banks. We venture to assert that in no official despatch, newspaper correspondence, or private letter from an intelligent and trustworthy source, is there anything to be found, thus far, to warrant a belief that the Cuban malcontents have either an army, or navy, or government, or revenue. Considering what desperate efforts Cuban sympathizers are making to put a good face on their affairs, one would expect to hear from them accounts of great slaughter of Spaniards, at least; but though we get occasionally highly foggy accounts of "victories" and "battles," we have looked in vain for a positive assertion from anybody that he has seen a single Spaniard who had been either killed or wounded in open fight. The "casualties" of the rebellion, thus far, appear to have occurred in riots in Havana.

The New York *Tribune* is one of the best friends the Cubans have, and it has within the last week felt bound to give some explanation of the non-appearance on the visible horizon of the Cuban troops and government, and it is so curious, and so strongly confirms all we have been saying, that we feel bound to quote it entire:

"Given, as a seat of popular insurrection, a long, narrow island, with unhealthy coast and a backbone of mountain fastnesses, with thousands of situations admirably adapted to an isolated defensive warfare, but without ready means of communication through a territory which, though not so large as New York, presents distances between its leading cities greater than from tide-water to Chicago—given a population ill-armed and too scattered for a close organization, but generally in sympathy with the insurgents—a power three thousand miles away, itself in the later stages of a revolution, with few troops and less money, straining its resources and its credit to the utmost in the effort to reduce this island to subjection—the government forces unacclimated, ill-fitted for active operations, and comparatively ignorant of the country, the insurgents hardy, familiar with the regions through which they move, and exempt from the terrors which the approaching unhealthy season brings to new-comers.

"With such conditions, what features would a campaign be likely to exhibit? The problem does not seem one of remarkable difficulty; the journals which complain so vehemently of the confusion in the Cuban news might almost, in Emersonian style, evolve its solution from their own consciousness."

Now, it is impossible to deduce "the features of a campaign" unless, amongst the data, there is a campaign, and at least two armies in the field. The *Tribune* here assumes the very thing in dispute, that there are insurgents "in the field." We say there are not. As soon as we are satisfied that there are, it will be time enough to construct a theory of the nature of their operations. The *Tribune* saves us the trouble of speculating further about what is going on now, however, by the following admissions:

"We have been treated of late to a great many sneers at the Cuban insurrection. That the ready organs of the Slave Power, while it lasted,

and of the bogus Democracy which now inherits its vices without its virtues, should make haste to oppose any struggle for liberty anywhere, was to be expected. But that journals which sympathized with the effort of Spain to secure popular government for herself should sympathize also with her effort to deny it to her richest and most important possession, is inexplicable. When these seek, therefore, to make light of the struggle in progress on our neighboring island, we are forced to believe that they cannot have sufficiently considered the conditions under which it is made. We have had no reason to expect great battles thus far, and there certainly have been none. We have had no reason to expect even a *fully organized insurrectionary army*, and there is none—no reason to look for the capture of important towns, or for any effort, save to nurse the flame of hostility to the Spaniard, and prolong the revolt into the unhealthy summer months. It is too soon yet to pronounce the insurrection a success; but it is not too soon to say that these aims have been attained, and that, with them attained, the prospect for Cuban independence was never brighter than now."

This ought to end the Cuban agitation for sensible men. To ask for sympathy and money, and even recognition as belligerents, for insurgents who have no fully "organized army," have fought "no great battles," and do not expect to "capture any important towns," or in fact to make "any effort," except to "nurse the flame of hostility," whatever that may mean—and it may mean anything from singing a revolutionary song to murdering sentinels—till the yellow fever comes and kills the Spaniards, is carrying coolness and audacity a little too far. The first duty both of "the organs of the Slave Power" and of "the journals which sympathized with the effort of Spain to secure popular government," is to truth; and the worst foe of states and men is humbug and pretension and falsehood. Those who are now blowing the Cuban bellows in this country would do well to read what we were all saying in 1861, when Messrs. Yost, Mann, and Yancey were asking Lord Russell to recognize the Southern Confederacy, after its organized army, in obedience to the orders of an organized government, had defeated the Federal troops within a day's march of Washington and put the capital itself in danger, and when the Confederate writes ran, and flag flew, over a third of the continent.

THE ANNEXATION FEVER.

ANYBODY who, with the condition of the civil service of the Government in every department, and with the condition of the courts and jails all over the North, fairly before him, and with even a faint conception of the magnitude of the problems now awaiting solution—known to us as the labor question and the educational question—still desires the speedy annexation of Cuba and St. Domingo, with their semi-barbarous populations, to the United States, is a person with whom there is perhaps not much use in arguing. His view of the mission and destiny of the American Republic, and even of the nature and objects of civil society, is so different from ours, that we should be unable to discover even that small piece of common ground on which men must stand, in order to differ rationally about any question whatever. That there should be plenty of people smitten with the fever of expansion, and ready to swallow anything bearing the name of new territory, no matter what the moral effect of the acquisition, is nothing wonderful. The accession to power of a new and much trusted President; the gradual disappearance of all fears of a financial convulsion; the prodigious growth of the country under the most adverse circumstances, are naturally producing that exuberance of hope and that satisfaction in material enjoyments which form the greatest difficulties in the way of political reform. It is hard to persuade people that there is anything wrong, and harder still to make them care whether there is anything wrong or not, when they are themselves well-fed and well-clothed, and find their balance in the bank swelling, the lines of railroad increasing, and the Government's receipts growing. It was this hope and satisfaction which made slavery so hard to kill, and which enabled it to flourish till it defied the world in arms, and it is this same hope and satisfaction which, now that slavery is dead, is making the work of rational reform in all other fields so difficult. Ask anybody who is laboring in it, in some other way than making speeches in defence of abstract propositions, what he finds the greatest obstacle in his path, and he will tell you it is the decline or absence of that public spirit which shows itself in righteous indignation, and makes public abuses to a certain extent private griefs; it is the growing fa-

miliarity with, and the growing disposition to accept as inevitable, the grossest abuses, and derelictions, and malfeasances, and the growing disposition to occupy one's self with remote evils, and treat the immediate and pressing ones lightly. It cannot be such a serious affair after all, young men are beginning to say, that judges should sell justice, that thieves and murderers should go unwhipped, and that convicts should be superintended by shoulder-hitters and pimps; that a fourth of the public revenues should be stolen by knaves and adventurers, and the public offices gambled for by the very worst portion of the community, if our incomes are growing every year, our comforts increasing, and our children healthy, our wives more and more gorgeous to behold, and our persons and property on the whole tolerably secure.

We find in this feeling, too, a partial explanation of the rise and progress of the bands of unscrupulous speculators which have within the last five or six years begun to seize on the railroads, and use them first of all as a means of enriching themselves, and secondly of corrupting the courts and the legislatures, and concentrating in their hands a kind and degree of political power such as no aristocracy has held in any civilized country since the seventeenth century. It partly accounts, too, for the increase of sensualism in the great cities—for the fact that New York is already drawing to it the most famous cyprians of the world, as the best market they can now find—that in which most money is found in company with most grossness and indecency. To increase the area of rich territory, inhabited by people far below the great body of the people of the United States in political and moral development, would certainly be to stimulate the rapacity and increase the power of the very class from whose performances whatever is good or promising in American life has most to fear. That they know this, there is little doubt. One has only to watch the way the Cuban "insurrection" rages in Washington and New York, to feel sure that if the "throwing off the Spanish yoke" were left to Spanish subjects, General Dulce would have little to disturb his peace. The loudest complaints of Spanish rule, and the threats against its Government, come, we suspect, from gentlemen who can lay nothing worse to its charge than that they themselves are "hard up," and are in need of a little excitement.

Of course these arguments, in the main, are not applicable to annexation on the side of Canada. The accession of British America to the United States would not only mean the addition of a vast extent of fertile soil, but of several millions of a hardy and industrious population, of the same origin as our own, speaking the same language, and imbued with the same social and political ideas, and already used to self-government. That they would gain by annexation far more than the United States we verily believe, for their gain would be real, while that of the United States would be largely in the imagination; and that the annexation would close up one great fountain of contention between the English Government and ours is also true. But then to make the annexation a gain to Canadians, their consent to it should be asked, and given; and to make it, as is proposed, a healer of the breach between this country and England, England should make it fairly and voluntarily, and not under compulsion. There is something a little comic in the position just now taken by those who are arguing for it, as a means of restoring a cordial relation between her and the United States. What they say to England is substantially this: "Your conduct has been villanous and depraved beyond description, and the amount of mischief you have wilfully and maliciously done is simply incalculable, and therefore we shall not allow you even to attempt to pay damages. We should give you a sound thrashing if we were not otherwise occupied just now, but our intention is to give you one at some future day, when we find you in a fix. However, if you make us a present of Canada—which we shall take from you by force if you don't—we shall look upon it as full satisfaction for all the wrongs we have suffered at your hands, and shall not only not lick you, but shall greatly esteem you, and shall live with you through all coming time on the most cordial terms."

Now, nations sometimes do make cessions of territory after being addressed in this way, but it is when they are in bodily fear, and Eng-

land may make a cession of Canada, on the protocol which is now laid before the public by the advocates of the scheme; but to say that the foundation of a cordial understanding with her can thus be laid is simply ridiculous. To give the negotiation for Canada a chance of success, as a healer of wounds, it should be conducted on its own merits, and, in form at least, separate and apart from the Alabama question. On its own merits, we think its success would be simply a question of time. Everything is in its favor but English feeling, and English feeling could, doubtless, be reconciled to it by a certain amount of talk, showing it to be no material loss, and a great moral and political gain to England. Arguments from this side of the water have a weight now they have never had before; but to be really effective, they need, like all political arguments, to be framed with a strict regard to the qualities of human nature, its weaknesses as well as its virtues. Between taking Canada by force, and insisting on having it given up as a penalty for bad behavior, there is no essential difference, and attempts to make it appear that there is will impose upon nobody, and will simply lessen the influence of American diplomacy. It ought to be remembered, however, that if Canada be annexed, Canadian goods will come in duty free, which, if we understand rightly the doctrines of the dominant school of economists, would be an unmitigated calamity, even if the Canadians were subjected to the same rule of taxation as ourselves. If the free introduction of Canadian lumber and Nova Scotian coal would now ruin us, calling the Canadians and Nova Scotians Americans, and parcelling their country out into Congressional districts, will not take the poison out of their commodities.

"THE RICH RICHER—THE POOR POORER."

MR. WELLS has drawn fresh attention, in his late report, to the rapidly-growing separation between the extremes of poverty and wealth, and the rapid accumulation of riches in the hands of the rich, and growth of poverty amongst the poor, and seems to ascribe it solely to the reckless tariff legislation, and the irredeemable paper currency. The same phenomenon is constantly dwelt on by the workingman conventions, and it was, during the late crusade against the public creditors, a favorite theme of the repudiators, and still furnishes Andrew Johnson with what he evidently considers the strongest point in his denunciations of the Radicals. In fact, every political party and school of economists takes notice of it, but each offers a different explanation of it.

Without disputing the general accuracy of Mr. Wells's conclusions as to the effect of the tariff and of the currency on the distribution of wealth, it ought to be borne in mind that the *natural* tendency of wealth is to accumulate in few hands. That is to say, riches draw riches after them inevitably. To acquire money is to acquire power, and one of the first uses, in a modern commercial community, which a man makes of his power, is to acquire more money. Everybody sees, within the range of his own observation, abundant illustrations of the truth of this. The more capital a man has, the greater the number of ventures he can make; the longer he can wait for the returns from them, the better agents can he employ; the more reliable the information he can procure, and the more frequently is he sought out by those who have promising speculations in hand, and the more force can he bring to bear to crush troublesome rivals. Therefore, let the tariff be ever so well regulated, or the currency ever so good, rich men will have an immense advantage in the field of trade over those who are not rich.

The tendency to the accumulation of great fortunes, too, is increased in our day by the widening of the area over which speculations can be carried on. What with the telegraph and the railroad, a New York or London capitalist can now invest with as much ease and safety in Mesopotamia as he could have invested in the last century three hundred miles from his home. There is really no way of preventing the accumulation of fortunes by legislation, and what we cannot prevent, it is the duty of wise men to stop whining over, and leave to the regulation of Providence, who orders all things wisely, and nothing more wisely, if only men would not meddle, than the flow, through the channels of human society, of the products of human

industry. There is only one kind of property the amount or ownership of which legislatures can successfully control, and that is real estate.

The amount of personal property a man shall hold cannot be fixed, though, of course, his income may be diminished by systematic robbery or heavy taxation. But though there were fifty acts on the statute-book fixing the maximum amount of personalty one individual might possess, not one of them could be executed. What with covert trusts and divisions among relatives, and corruption and sympathy of officers, the amount of fortunes would remain about the same. Many persons would, doubtless, be led to invest abroad, and content themselves with a smaller amount of interest, in order to avoid annoyance; and then, to prevent them from dividing the income, we should have to open their letters. To make sure work, the foes of great fortunes would have to get possession of the government of every civilized country, a triumph which they are certain not to achieve. Every civilized country is, and always will be, governed in the interest of property, and indeed must be in order to remain civilized, because the family and property are the two bases of society. Moreover, in order to supply the great mass of mankind with a motive to exertion, you must let them accumulate as much property as they can by honest means. You may, indeed, and all states do, regulate the means of bequeathing it, but if you say a man shall not enjoy the fruits of his own toil, or foresight, or good fortune, you paralyze the whole community. Turkish pashas used to do this in one way, for the gratification of their own greed; some of the philanthropists who figure in the workingmen's conventions want to do it, in another way, by way of helping the poor; but it would not help the poor to have everybody poor. Even if cases occasionally presented themselves in which it would be possible, and might seem wise, to strip a very rich man of part of his wealth, no general rule could be devised that would not inflict grievous injustice on a vast number of others.

But then, it may be asked, where is all this to end? Is modern society going to be converted into a simple plutocracy, and every civilized country made the prey of great speculators? Has Providence left the race wholly without protection against that most odious form of tyranny—the tyranny of money? Not at all; Providence has made ample provision against this very evil, in gifting men and women with the greatest diversity of character, both moral and mental. The effect of this diversity, if governments would let men alone, would be that wealth would be accumulated in the hands of individuals, fast enough and long enough to stimulate human exertion; but large fortunes, after they had done their work, would break up under the thousand disintegrating influences which in a busy community constantly assail them. In the first place, the ordinary uncertainties of human affairs render them difficult to keep; idle, lazy, and stupid or dissipated heirs waste them; the energetic and industrious are constantly contending for a portion of the rich man's wealth, by offering temptations to his palate or his eye, or by outdoing him in skill, or foresight, or vigor. In short, a more perfect machine than a civilized community, producing and dividing wealth under the guidance solely of individual tastes and instincts, does not exist. Wonderful it is, as we see it, cramped, distorted, and disarranged by the blind legislation of blind men; but how wonderful would it be, if legislators had never taken it into their heads to improve on the Almighty's work!

It may be said with perfect safety that the accumulation of wealth in a few hands, to an extent to be really injurious, has never been witnessed except as the effect of ignorant or wicked human legislation. Among the ancients, great fortunes were built up and perpetuated by caste, or conquest, or slavery. In the middle ages, careful provision was made for their creation and preservation by the land laws of every European country. Everything was done that could be done, to concentrate and perpetuate the possession of the soil in a few hands, and always on grounds of public policy; so that the feudal aristocracy was, after the period of anarchy had passed away, simply and especially a wealthy class, its wealth consisting in land. Of course, as long as such a class monopolized all the wealth and power of a country, the trade or manufactures did not grow, and governments undertook to encourage them, and this they did by rigidly

copying the customs of feudalism. They fixed each man's place in the commercial hierarchy, the time he should devote to learning his trade, and the tests he should undergo prior to admission to the order in which he was to live, the kind of work he was to do, and the markets in which he was to buy and to sell. In other words, they extended to trade and commerce the monopoly system which they had established in the ownership of land. It is, in fact, only within the present century, that the doctrine that God made man an industrious and trading animal, and that legislators could no more teach individuals how to make money than teach beavers to build dams, has obtained currency. All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every government in Europe was engaged in the creation of trading and manufacturing monopolies—that is, in preventing the natural diffusion of wealth through the community at large, and they finally succeeded in creating the type of society known as the manufacturing type, and which is to be seen all over the north of England, and in eastern and northern France and North Germany—and which we are only too faithfully reproducing in this country: large masses of work-people huddled together in cities, and living from hand to mouth on wages paid by great capitalists, engaged in branches of industry built up, in part, by the aid of legislation, and kept going still by legislative protection against competition; a society in which the power of capital grows in geometrical ratio, its natural tendency to accumulate being strengthened by incessant artificial stimulus. It is impossible for anybody who is familiar with this type of society to say that it is either superior or equal to the feudal and agricultural type which it is supplanting, and the evidence is every day accumulating which shows that whatever the big mills and forges may be doing to increase capital, they are not, in the present organization of industry, doing much, if anything, to increase the sum of human happiness.

THE DECAY OF THE "FAMILY AFFECTIONS."

So long ago as the 30th of April, in the year 1827, the Count Carlo Vidua, taking occasion to write to the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio, on the subject of American manners, used these remarkable words:

"Paternal and filial affection is not much more lively among them. In a large family the sons gather together at meal time, each coming from his business; each enters the room, says not a word to father or brothers; opens not his mouth, in fact, except to put something therein; devours in a few instants the few ill-cooked dishes, and whoever is first satisfied, without waiting till the others have finished, rises, takes his hat, and is off. . . . A son who goes off. . . . to establish himself in Kentucky or Missouri has no more to say in the way of adieu than if he were going to see a *festa* in a neighboring village. The father on his side, welcoming some other son returning from China, will say to him, cool as a cucumber, 'Good day, John,' and at the very utmost do no more than throw in a shake of the hand."

In short, the worthy Italian was extremely disgusted with that imperturbability of our character, of which he seems to have been one of the first observers, but which has since received so much attention from foreigners, and of late years been so much criticised even by ourselves. We have no need to write an article to prove the existence of the peculiarity, for every one, we take it, is willing nowadays to admit the general fact that the Yankee is a man with whom *nil admirari* is the great maxim for the conduct of life, and a dozen stories are known to every one which illustrate it. For example, that hackneyed story of the son who, for some reason, feeling aggrieved at the treatment he received under the paternal roof, on being sent out by his parent to bring in a birch-log for the fire, went out West, and returning some twenty years later, a grown man, and bethinking himself of the twenty years' old errand, re-entered the homestead with a log in his arms, and resumed relations with his family by placing it in the ashes, without remark on either side. But what we do wish to call attention to, because we do not think it sufficiently attended to by poets, novelists, essayists, and others who deal with the problems of the soul, is this: that it may be very seriously questioned whether this imperturbability is not the indication of the much deeper and more important fact—that, owing to many causes, certain emotions which have heretofore played a great part in the history of the world are, in re-

ality, on the decline. The emotions we refer to are the "family affections." Reserving all our inalienable right to differ from those who think so, we merely wish to say that an idea is abroad in the community that the ties of kinship—the relation of brother and sister, father and son, mother and daughter—are gradually losing their hold upon us, and that all involuntary bonds of this sort are growing irksome. And this notion has more to rest on than assertion. Ask your acquaintances, and you will find that all of them will admit the necessity of "cultivating the affections," an admission which seems to imply that their native strength is not found to be very great. Ask any one you happen to know intimately, and he will tell you that the most serious misgiving he feels is that he does not sufficiently love those with whom life has thrown him into involuntary contact. Read the literature of your time, and you find the most fascinating story your acquaintances have read for many a day, was that concerning one "Mme. de Neilhac," which touched the fortunes of a lady whose peculiarity it was that she could never discover that she had affections of any kind, "family" or other. To explain these curious facts, the advocates of the theory we are speaking of maintain that the "family affections" may as well be admitted to be on the wane.

The truth is, they say, that after doing all in our power to abolish "the family" altogether, we yet expect the affections which were incident to the relation to remain in full force. The old-fashioned family has just as completely disappeared as the old-fashioned stage-coach, or the old-fashioned periwig. The father at the head of the board, with his wife and twelve stalwart sons about him, and with the aged grand-sire and grand-dame in the corner, are as much an institution of the past as the wide-throated chimney round which they gathered after the day was over. If the twelve stalwart sons are good for anything, they are running machine-shops and mills, studying law or medicine in various quarters of the earth, and such of them as stay at home have a "study" to themselves, where they live such lives as pleases their spirit of independence. As for the aged grand-sire and grand-dame, they take the best care in the world, whatever else they may do, to have a home of their own, and the last place in which they would care to compose themselves for their final rest would be the "old homestead." It might be said that the only unhappy American homes were those in which three generations attempted to live together. The first thing the genuine modern man (can any one any longer doubt that the American is your genuine modern man?) ought to do is to get rid of "the family," to stand on his own legs, to work with his own head, to be independent. The first thing the genuine modern parent wishes is to have him go. Early adolescence, therefore, is the period when the family tie begins to be loosened. Happy are those households in which the new necessity is early recognized. If the door is opened, and the boy directed on his way into the wide world, ten to one but he will think his father a very good fellow, and remember him and mention him to his wife as a "splendid man;" otherwise, woe be unto him; he has shown a want of confidence in his son, and want of confidence is the unpardonable modern parental sin, and he straightway finds himself called "governor," and is fortunate if he does not discover some fine morning that his son is clandestinely married to one or other of his female acquaintance whom common philanthropy will not permit a father-in-law to allow to starve.

Then, again, there is marriage; that used to be a parental function, and children used to find themselves married by a family council and to consider it as much an operation which they had no authority to prevent as children under twelve now do vaccination. But we have abandoned that system, and introduced that of "natural selection." Now the direct effect of this is to weaken the dependence of children, and "family affection" was strictly the affection of dependence and support. The family was bound together as are the links in a chain, and each link felt the absolute necessity of each other link to the completed whole. But how is a modern father necessary to his son, or how is a modern son necessary to his father? They are mutual encumbrances. Each could make more way in the world alone. Each could make his separate deduction from his income-return. The opening of occupations to women must sooner or later have the same effect

on them; their individualism must increase, and their family tie be weakened. Whether the maternal instinct is going to die out altogether it is not necessary to enquire; but to suppose that the family tie of mother and daughter can be as strong when one is a telegraph operator and the other a treasury clerk, as in the good old times when they led one and the same life in one and the same room, taking turns at one and the same spinning-wheel, is absurd.

Nor does the practice of divorce strengthen family ties. The other day two people were married in one of our most flourishing Western States, and a local journal in announcing the fact stated that on such a day so-and-so and so-and-so had been by such a clergyman "united for life." This, a contemporary said, "was the first time, within their recollection, such a ceremony had been performed in that section of country." Now according to the theory which we are attempting to lay before our readers, one of the most substantial reasons for the existence of the old family sentiments was that the bond was indissoluble; but now that the contract of marriage is every year making a closer and closer approach to the ordinary civil compact, which can be broken on the consent of both parties, children who should accustom themselves to jeer at the "sacredness" of the relation ought not to be dealt with too severely; and in families where several divorces have occurred, fraternal affection cannot be expected to be of the most lively kind. Suppose, for instance that some progressive Westerner marries, has children, and is divorced, and keeping his children, marries again, has children, is divorced again, and this time the children go with the step-mother. She now marries again and has children; what do the children of the three marriages think about the "home circle"?

Hawthorne used to say that in his opinion the tendency to repress all feeling which was characteristic of our race might fairly be expected to result in a total extinction of feeling. The intellectual life of our age might be expected to swallow up and destroy the sentimental life. Hawthorne was unquestionably fearless of any conclusions to which his reflections might lead, and of all the melancholy fancies which he spun, this is perhaps the one which is most shocking to the average man or woman. In order, however, to support the theory of the decay of the family affections it is not necessary to go as far as he; we need only believe that there is one class of sentiments which has been materially weakened by the changed conditions of modern life. The complete independence of the individual in our system, the early separation of families, the ease of locomotion, the destruction of parental and conjugal authority, the laxity of the marital tie, all these things combine to make the idea of "family" rather conventional than real. With one member in Oregon editing a newspaper, another in Florida planting cotton, another in Central Asia studying Buddhism, the family tie is almost as little felt as that which connects each one of us with the great human family. But let no one despair. Suppose these ties be on the wane; it is not necessary on that account to adopt the misanthropic conclusion that the human heart is on the wane. May it not be that we are substituting for these old feudal feelings new and improved ones? An observing friend has suggested a solution of the difficulty which we think has a great deal of evidence in its favor, and is supported by excellent authority. This theory is that we are substituting for the old involuntary family affections of our forefathers voluntary affections, based on the infinite veracities; in whose precise language, people will, in the future, care for one another, not according to the fortuitous connection of a common ancestry, but will love or hate one another as they find one another amiable or detestable; that parents will care for their children as they are to their taste or not, and that children will ground their feelings toward their parents on the same circumstance. We shall no more see the disgusting complications which now arise in families from incompatibility of temper, but the most frank relations in the world will take the place of the false and hypocritical ones established by tradition. Friendship will come to occupy a more exalted place than she ever has before, and the "family tie" will be relegated to the limbo of exploded ideas. The conjugal relation, being now based on mutual esteem and natural affection, will continue only so long as that esteem and affection last, and

it ought to continue no longer. Does not Laugel say, "With her, [the American wife] alone perhaps in the world, the conjugal is stronger than the maternal love"? Our friend was quite warming to his theme, in thus picturing the millennium of the American sentiments, when we interrupted him with what still seems to us a simple enough question, but which, nevertheless, brought his eloquence to an abrupt termination; our question was this: how soon he proposed introducing the new system into his own household?

ART-STUDY AT THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL IN PARIS.

My first feat on arriving had been to fly against the Arch of the Star, in a vague quest of the American Embassy, whose pressure I wanted in forcing my candidacy for the School of Fine Arts. When I had dropped my name into the feathered ear of a faint young secretary in a pale room that was little and wooden—not quite unlike a cigar-box—I became an applicant, and my first concern was fulfilled. Then a good deal of time passed, Paris began to lose its rapidity and strong idiom, the days rarefied and became almost as long as untravelled days at home, I got nothing from the Minister but his ordinary card of ceremony, while as for my card—the name I had left got on tolerably without me, and amassed in the Legation a pigeon-hole a little property of dust creditable to its proportions. I lost hope of admission, and had immersed myself in Celtic antiquities on the Biscayan coast, when, lately, an official note from a *Chargé* reversed me. I threw the Druids over, for the epoch of *La Lanterne*. The note said, with a certain free candor of margin, that upon some renewed urging from this Legation, my application had been accepted by the Ministry of the Imperial Household and of the Fine Arts, and gave color to the good news by an over-roasted but cogent red seal.

Paris, and especially *La Rive Gauche*, permits herself to be seen in marked demi-toilet by him who will stir by seven or a little after. As I crossed the Pont des Arts early on the following Monday, the only loungers upon it were the desperate and frosty *Leporellos* who make it their cloister for the meditation of the *matin Grisette*. The German sweeping-girls who described with lean-looking brooms their monotonous geometry in the paste of its asphaltum floor had no more figure, in their neutral-tinted wrappings, than has a stick of kite-line. The carved nymphs on the Pavilion of Flora looked into the nasty Seine and shuddered. The fog upon the river seemed a sponge of ice. Restaurant-waiters on the Rivoli or on the quay, without a trace of their professional nattiness, lounged in broken slippers and centrifugal hair among the heavily-splashed shutters. They are at such an hour totally unproductive of coffee and *petits-pains*, and when applied to by the fasting stranger yawn, I recollect, and indicate a *crêmerie*. Clean across the narrow footwalks of the Rue Bonaparte, fountains of mud were spouting from under the furious morning carts against the print-shop windows warmed with the sunniest pastorals of Watteau and Boucher. Finally, amidst all the architectural bric-à-brac with which Alexander Lenoir has begemmed the courtyard of the Palais des Beaux Arts, animals with blue blouses and faces were busy at quite a mountain of winter firewood for the schools; from the wall over their heads Raphael's *Galatea* in mosaic smiled—I know not how—with some sort of Mediterranean sense that she was not a dryad and had no congenital antipathy to wood-saws.

"C'est un nouveau," said the stout young porter. The observation, which seemed to discriminate my shiny portfolio as much as myself, was thrown by him, while in the act of mitigating the judiciary terrors of his uniform with a smock, to his potato-frying wife within the lodge. Through an outer and an inner courtyard, on whose inlaid marbles the stertorous saws were laboring through the firewood, and whose walls were encrusted with carved bits from all sorts of places, like an architect's delirium, I approached the dignified façade, where marble copies of a number of famous antiques were ranged like a line of sentries. Even at the outer gate, the bronze doors of this façade had their keepers—a brace of gendarmes in arched hats, inside a great hall coldly furnished forth with Elgin casts complete on tables. The dragons partook of the society of Phidias without relish, and looked, as they made muffs with their overcoats, capable of exchanging the Theseus, the Illissus, and the Paros together for a horn of the porter's fried potatoes. Through a vista was seen the inner court of all, with gigantic statuary and a crystal roof.

Mounting a broad stair (I am conscientious in graduating this imposing arrival step by step, that I may never have it to do again), I found myself on the first floor, entering upon a loggia whose essential beauty not even

the drab morning had power to disfigure. It wore for embroidery the pure authentic legend of the Renaissance. One side looked out upon the glass-roofed garden, between pilasters frescoed with the arabesques of the Vatican; the more solid inner parallel wall was pierced, between rich panels, with the doors of the three ateliers of painting; and the ceiling was nobly checkered with the divine epopee known as Raphael's Bible.

I walked down this considerable corridor in ignorance which of the three entrances to choose. My particular professor was Gérôme; the masters of the other schools are Cabanel, and Pils, the battle-painter. As I passed each successive door, a mixed murmur, as of great doings within, permeated the panels and reached the ear. How I have passed them since, and fancied that there was something special and characteristic in the noise from each—a warlike roar from the military school of Pils—something far and Grecian, as of bees in Tempe, from the disciples of Cabanel! As for us of the atelier Gérôme, I believe we make a riot equalling the others combined, which it may be my province to analyze hereafter. Through the palpable fog I dimly groped along, past these doors that severally roared like the by-way to hell in Bunyan; bearing for a shield the glossy portfolio, and watched over from above by the corpulent personnel of Raphael's Bible. Nighed in the utmost extremity of the passage, and darkly bloated by the mist, I soon perceived a being in uniform whose hands went through the constant motion of twisting, like Lachesis with the thread. The singular existence of this functionary is passed in simultaneously nodding authority from the cocked hat, and twisting grey paper into little screws. He is by no means implacable, but is willing to vend the twine of fate at a gros sou the half-dozen *tortillons*; they are fine stumps used in chalk drawing. An acquaintance which has heaped upon me enough paper screws to spiralize all my future path-way in life was then and there commenced by a question to this honest fellow.

When, on his direction, the proper door-knob had turned in my hand, there was a striking change from the cloistral order and loneliness of what had just been passed. A scene of turbulence was passing in a naked hall, the air of which was blue with cigarette smoke, whose level webs could be everywhere traced settling upward. In barns, etc., may have been occasionally noticed the odd effect when a space is illuminated from one sole aperture; to this chamber the cataract of thickened light from the solitary arched window gave the broad, unifying results of moonlight. On a rotary platform in the focus stood an olive-skinned youth, balanced in the attitude of the Antinoüs of the Campidoglio. A descendant, maybe, of one of the Æneades, nature had dowered him with sleek Greek limbs and bosom, and then irresponsibly despatched him to make his fortune with that exclusive capital. In Paris, among the studios, he thrives well enough, with his nakedness for his best suit of armor.

The pictorial composition—and it was pictorial, quite satisfying and complete to the artistic eye—had for its high-light this statuary figure, floating above the floor in eddies of smoke, and bathed in a blue solid radiance shaped like a flying-buttress. Around, and partaking of the unfathomable obscurity which hung beneath the window, were vortexes of students, with silvery outlines and invisible faces. They were proceeding to range themselves, with the maximum of noise, in a crescent around the model. The nearest semicircle squatted, embracing their drawing-boards; those behind them sat, with the natural circularity of back, upon *tabourets*; another range were standing at easels; while over their shoulders loomed a number of isolated, daring spirits, based upon various pedestals of an impromptu and more or less precarious nature. Aware of the punctilios of student-life, I made a comprehensive salaam, (in which salute I believe I found it handiest to get my hat on to my portfolio and bow it round like lemonade,) and the constellation straightway sang together. "C'est un nouveau," was their song, an echo of the porter's; and a cheery yell it made, for it included all the possible joy of hazing a freshman.

The descent of a *nouveau* into the school was like that of the meal into the pot, which subsides for an instant, and then boils up a great deal higher (my phenomena are taken from Prof. Faraday, and are irrefragable). "Un nouveau! un nouveau!" arose, in the accent of thankfulness after manna, from the students; followed, on somebody's part, by "cependant, c'est un cornichon d'anglais." A sly little marmoset in spectacles, painting and singing within the door, who was a type of several others, interrupted Thérèse's song, "*Ça me chatouille*," just at the sneezing refrain—sneezed in a pointed and affable manner at the new-comer—and resumed, "*dans le nez*," with his chin an inch further out and his pitch rather higher. Though not much given to small revenges, I had a soothing feeling as I passed him, in directing with my elbow his own brush (loaded with blue)

to the feature he had mentioned. He issued from the contact azure and crimson, and an appreciative youth who caught my eye the same instant took the trouble to show me the hat-room. Here an antique Faun was playing his solo in a tabernacle of overcoats, the silken *cache-nez* or neckerchief of a student hanging with decorum from his tail. This alcove was so grimy with ends of chalk and charcoal, that my new friend quite improved the part of Sir Walter Raleigh by offering his own cloak for my wrappings to hang over.

"Now we re-enter," said he. "Choose a view as quickly as possible for the good places are being occupied while we consume the time. The pose is strongest, to my taste, from the left quarter. The easels you will find in the corner, the stools are piled into yonder barricade, and the charcoal, when there is any, is in a little box on the ledge."

The easels, from having served in many Troys as instruments of aggression and defence, were little but a pile of inarticulate lumbæ. After a rummage I found the front part of one, the shape of the letter A; and made it the initial of my career in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, binding a spare prop and ratchet to it with a handkerchief. Choosing one of the few crevices visible in the close ranks of humanity around the model, I managed my wounded easel thither with care and sympathy, and finally got it to stand upright therein, though in a fluttering and hypochondriac manner; claiming location in the usual way by describing with chalk the triangle measured by its feet, I loaded it with materials and began to profile the classic attitude before me.

I had been triangulating and protracting for some time, and had lost the pervading hubbub in that utter abstraction which is one of the spells of art, when the model was suddenly displaced in my view by a darkly shaded object rising directly in front and intercepting it; if I had continued to copy mechanically, my line would have swerved into the oval of a large and swarthy face, full-bearded and capped with fur, which had come into focus apparitionally, like Robinson Crusoe in a magic lantern.

This was my friend Blanc—my whilom friend; poor fellow! I need not respect him, for he has married since—I will portray him remorselessly. His beauty had the idiom, derived from the lengthened nose and pinched nostrils of the goat, which gives so much of what we call the Hebrew character to the ancient statues of satyrs. His brown skin, huge form, rude rug of hair, unmannerliness, and grace would have convinced Keats that it was god Pan in person. Blanc had the mental thickness, dispersed in the abundant and dramatic gestures, of the South; his accent, too, was rustic and Southern. If the most Parisian Paris be indeed the Latin Quarter, I constantly find there the most real and circumscribed sort of rusticity; and the discovery of rusticity as the essence of Paris, of all cities, has ever gratified my sense of antithesis and of the picturesque. Blanc has been the best of fellows with me, returning incessant loans of six or ten sous with painful scruple; I presently found a pleasant way of satisfying this nice conscience by contracting an avidity for the "Rembrandts" and other rack collected in his portfolios. His dress had the peculiarity of a single button, imperishable and lonely, to the pantaloons, and the eternal fur bonnet, which out-watched the seasons; but his athletic figure was a favorite in the studios, and I know him best in the toilet used by his peers in the *chaparral* of Arcadia. Girt with a disappointing concession to modesty in the shape of a steel brace, he moves in my memory through the marked light and shade of the ateliers—not unlike the sylvan shimmerings—a guttural god wooing perpetual Antiopes and Syrinxes, which always turned out to be painted canvas.

"You will give us a good gross welcome, a hundred francs, a hundred and fifty francs, comme ça?" That was the way he opened acquaintance, rising to all appearance out of the ground and squatting flexibly on his hams. It was the rough, threatening coquetry of Arcadia. In reply I offered cigarette paper and *blague-d-tabac*; "Marchandons," I said, and it began to be, I fancy, quite like a bazar-scene in Cairo. He secured a liberal convenience of paper and weed, and twisted up a cigarette like magic. The studio, apprised that the game had commenced, assisted the spokesman with suggestions that were loud in the ratio of distance and obscurity.

"That he sing his song!"

"That he pay a worthy *bien-venu*, the ideal *bien-venu*, the *bien-venu* that one dreams!"

"How does he draw, the Englishman?"

"That he go for wood!" (This from a small and frightened boy, who squeaked and ran to a corner. He had been replenishing the stove as I entered.)

"His song! His song! The English pater-noster! Got safe ze Queen! Dam!"

Rather confused by all these attentions, I found my best remedy in minding my work. Blanc got his head round, followed by its own private aureole of smoke, to the front of my easel. He complimented me by a narrow and patient perusal of what I had done, and reported a kind criticism to the rest.

"What is your name, *le nouveau*?" he said, in his oddly magisterial way. The chalk triangle at my feet was vacant of the letters with which each claim is usually marked. I wrote my name in it legibly, and Blanc made chaos and dreamland of it in interpreting it to the studio.

"Now you must sing us *Got-safe-ze-Quine!*" said he.

The chalk being still in my hand, I stopped again and added "*Amérique*" to what I had written. The effect was pleasant, and far more marked than I should have imagined. "Why, it is an American!" he shouted. "Bring up the other American! Let us see the Americans kiss each other! They will say *Vive Washington*, and their faces will melt together. We have not to do with the English coldness."

In the meantime the marmoset, who had been anxiously washing his face at the sink, approached with an empty Kirsch-bottle. He was nearly clean, and he put on a cunning and pleasant dryness of manner. "You will go out and buy two sous' worth of milk, and four sous' worth of black soap." I was not unprepared for this incongruous demand, and not too silly to have executed it literally at need. Milk is the cement used for fixing a charcoal design to the canvas; a soft black rosin soap is used for cleaning brushes; and the last *nouveau* is always the Mercury until relieved by a successor.

"Where is the money?" said I quickly. The poor vagabond searched pocket after pocket to no effect; he took it hard, even in that parliament of the impecunious, and blushed painfully. "Look, *mon petit*," he got then in his ear, "wait until the recess, when the model rests; then choose six of your friends, buy soap enough to last a week, and drink to America in a bottle of respectable champagne at the nearest *marchand's*. Then bring the milk in the bottle for a proof."

Meantime there was a commotion. They were dragging up the "other American." Lo! it was mine old familiar friend, Tom East, who had been watching, with a spice of viciousness, to see how I got on, from an obscure part of the room.

Tom is a cultivated creature, dressed like a fireman. This is a combination which pleases the Latin Quarter, and I found him high in favor. He is, however, a laconic companion, and, like Count Moltke, "silent in seven languages." Like all silent people, though, he has occasional bursts of talk, when no one can reduce him; and one of these explosions had occurred in my favor during the past summer. In the baking, blinding Paris heat, when I was rusticated by the Bay of Biscay, East had undertaken to manage the American applications for the Beaux Arts, of which his own was one. He had passed guard after guard with invincible determination and convenient misunderstanding of etiquette; had burst veil after veil, to find himself at length in the presence of Nieuwerkerke, the Minister. The Minister had yielded incontinently to East's merry eyes, his excessive perspiration, and a few of his seven languages, and Tom had passed me in passing himself. A second jet of his eloquence apprised me of all this now at the recess, when we streamed out for refreshment, leaving the room dull and vacant, with smoke hanging in a canopy over the poor model, who spread exhausted, like spilt cream, over his platform.

THE TALK OF THE UNLETTERED FOLK.

OUR friend, the conscientious schoolmaster, made an excellent impression upon us the other day, when visiting his school. In what may be called the crisis of the session that afternoon, we are bound to say he bore himself well. His erudition over the digamma, called out by the question of the girl in blue, surprised us. His skill in detecting the whisperer on the back seat, and the well-sustained frown with which he awed him into silence, were fine. We are also bound to say, however, that in his dealing with the boy called Giles, our friend was either not wise or too wise. Giles rebutted the charge brought against him in the following terms: "I hain't hooked his handkercher neither. 'Twan't his'n. Ax Bill." In the wrath betrayed by the teacher it was plain that he felt far more keenly "the outrage upon the mother tongue," as he called it, than Giles's moral delinquency which presently became evident; and he threatened the lad with the ferule if he did not reform his language. We are moved to enter a plea in Giles's behalf. The theft was only for mischief, and we do not want him feruled for his English. Why we do not want it done, and what amount of discipline we consider proper, let us now state.

Our schoolmaster, we fear, knows more about the ancient tongues than

about his own. Is he aware that many expressions which we set down as intolerable for their grammar or pronunciation were once strictly proper, and in many cases have been given up for poorer forms? Many a rough word, according to our ideas, or instance of uncouth syntax or bad orthoepy, is really like the vicar of Wakefield's good sturdy colt, which Moses has swapped for a most worthless lot of green spectacles in the shape of inferior expressions. Trench says, the uncouth popular talk has many forms once sanctioned by good usage, which may at the same time retain a freedom and freshness that are now lost from the more polite speech. Take poor Giles's double negative: "I hain't hooked it neither." It recalls Mrs. Gamp's "Mrs. Harris, I says, leave the bottle on the chimley piece, and don't ask me to take none." Perhaps, however, we shall be challenged to cite any other considerable authority to justify the redundant negative. Let us assure our friend that it may be paralleled countless times in our best old authors including Shakespeare, who does not scruple to employ it again and again. Here are two instances from Julius Cæsar:

"Yet 'twas not a crown neither; 'twas one of these coronets." (Act I. 2.)

"Publius, good cheer.

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else." (Act III. 1.)

Professor Lowell says the double negative is so common in old authors that he does not think it worth while to cite examples, and he gravely doubts whether the language has not lost in giving it up. As to *handkercher*, too, the same high authority questions whether it may not be as good as *handkerchief*. Its second and third syllables may come from *couverture* as well as from *couvrechef*; and Giles's word is not without precedent of the best. As to the offence in the expression: "Ax Bill," our friend will blush when he comprehends how far out of the way his reproof was, "that no decent talker ever did or ever had said anything but *asked*;" for the word for centuries, in the best company, was *axed*; and that is much purer than its modern substitute. One may see any day in Bosworth the *axian*, *axode*, of Alfred's days. "Twan't his'n." There are respectable scholars who conceive that even *his'n* may be merely a contraction of *his own*, once entirely in conformity with the habits of the best society; or possibly the relic of an old pronominal dative of similar sound formerly in universal use. Really, in view of Giles's shortcoming, one might do worse than quote to him the following couplet, ascribed to a London poet. We suggest it with enthusiasm as being the appropriate thing:

"Him what hooks what isn't his'n.
When he's cotched will go to pris'n."

As there is good reason to think that *his'n* is no vulgar corruption, we could show, with the help of Rask's Grammar, a better way of accounting for *ourn* and *yourn* than to suppose them the mere blunders of boors.

We have cited Mrs. Gamp; we believe the services of this great lady in behalf of British population are abundantly recognized at home and abroad, but the world has been too blind to her merit in a different direction. As a restorer of pure old English forms, she deserves a monument more enduring than brass. Aside from her happy revival of the double negative, she has rescued other venerable felicities that had fallen into decay. "But, Betsey Prig, try the cowcumbers, God bless you!" Appealing to the authority of our best American critic again, *cowcumber* is nearer the French *concombre*, the original of the word, than the pronunciation which has been allowed to gain currency, whether Mrs. Gamp arrived at the fact by a careful tracing of the word, or an inspiration of genius. But it is perhaps in her immortal use of the relative, that she has most claim upon the scholar's gratitude. "Mrs. Harris, I says, at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person." Again: "Whether I sicks or monthlies, ma'am, I hope I does my duty; therefore I do require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg'lar and draw'd mild." And still again: "If she had abuged me bein' in liquor, which I thought I smelt her when she come." Prof. Child, in his very learned "Observations," calls attention to the fact that this is strictly Chaucerian, and quotes in proof the following passages:

"Him whiche that wepith."

"The place whiche that I was inne."—(C. T. 10891.)

"I have a brother," quod Valirian tho,

"That in this world I love no man so."—(C. T. 12164.)

We recall still another enormity on the part of Giles, perpetrated later in the afternoon. When, after recess, the boys stood at the stove warming their fingers, red with snow-balling, we heard Giles—luckily the teacher did not—whisper to his neighbor: "Old fellow, we had a high old time, didn't we?" Now in that use of *old* there is something interesting. The observation was made to a hearty chap of fifteen—the impersonation of ruddy youth; yet, in the circumstances, he was not at all improperly

addressed. There is, in truth, an ancient, most respectable use of *old* in the sense of great. We may find it in Shakespeare, as:

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English."—(Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. 4.)

"If a man were porter of Hell-gate, he should have old turning the key."—(Macbeth, Act II. 3.)

Let us trace the word back. In the Gothic, *old* was *alt*, which our Teutonic cousins still retain. Rub up your college German a little, and make out this short sentence from Grimm's "Wörterbuch": "Alt stammt von *alan*, Lat. *alere*, dessen part. *altus* ist." The old verb from which *alt* and *old* come, means the same thing with the Latin *alere*, to nourish; and no doubt was once identical with it. The course of development, we observe, in the Latin and Teutonic, has been different. *Altus* gives the quality of size—that which has been nourished until it has become big or tall. *Alt* and *old*, on the other hand, give the quality of age—that which has been nourished until it has become ancient. Yet side by side with the ordinary meaning of the Gothic adjective, there has come down in an obscure way, clear from the primeval time, no doubt, this other meaning, the very same which was preferred in the Latin derivative. When Giles said "old fellow," he meant "great fellow," a term of rough and ready endearment. When he said "old time" he meant "great time." He loved his friend and game, and magnified them.

While we are writing on these matters, we recall what happened in those old days (old in Giles's sense and in the ordinary sense) when the schoolmaster and we were rusticated together. He perhaps remembers the valentine from that merry mountain girl he took to the sleigh ride, and so deeply impressed. It ran thus, copied from somewhere, in painful chirography, with much trouble:

"By these four lines of metre,
I'd have you for to know,
That I to seek a lover
Am a goin' for to go."

The antithesis in which we then conveyed to him our congratulations, seemed to us so gracefully framed that we have not yet forgotten it. "How can a girl who shows so much taste in selecting an admirer, show so little in the selection of the language with which to address him?" All this we now retract, and propose to vindicate Patty's taste in English. There is not a thing in these lines that was not once held to be strictly correct. That *for*, in "for to know," "for to go," came in with the Normans, and is in the French to this day; as "*pour savoir*," "*pour aller*." If Chaucer had written otherwise than:

"On bokes for to rede I'me delyte."—(Leg. of Goode Wom., 30)

or,

"He made his shippe a-londe for to sette."—(Ib., 2164)

or,

"The holy blisful martir for to seke." (C. T. Prologue)

can we suppose he would have kept his place in the court circles of his time? As for *lover*; a Saxon word for man was *wer*. It is said to be still in use in Scotland, where a lawyer is sometimes a *law-wer*, or law man. Many of our words ending in *er* originally had *wer*, and *yer* is the transition from *wer* to *er*. Your *lover* then is the full-grown frog. *Love-wer* is the egg from which he came; and *lover* is the tadpole on his way forward to maturity. We could show, if we had leisure, a fine specimen of this interesting batrachian, disporting himself with his graceful tail in the limpid verse of the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. Patty "builded wiser than she knew." As we remember our friend in those callow days, there was a wonderfully fine appropriateness in her application of the word. For the propriety of the *a* before *goin'*, and for the termination *in*, in the present participle as an interesting relic of the old ending *end*, we will only refer to Marsh's twenty-ninth lecture in his first series.

Truly the talk of the unlettered folk is for the most part very old; and where it differs from the polite speech, the advantage is not seldom in its favor. The authority that determines what is right and wrong in these things is simply the fashion of good society, as we hardly need say. From the dicta of this authority there is no appeal, and we suffer if we do not obey them: To be uncouth discredits a man with the influential part of the world; yet we do not fear to say that the fiat of good society in many a matter connected with language is capricious and out of place in the same way with many a prescription of fashion with regard to dress. Not that fashions in speech are unreasonable to the same extent as in dress; for it is good society whose prescriptions we seek to follow when we talk and write, and not good society that we heed when we adopt garments. Yet even good society is often enough changeable and unwise. Says a historian of the French language, with some qualification indeed,

yet none that affects the declaration in any important way, the polite speech "n'est non plus qu'un patois ou dialecte élevé à la suprématie; et elle a, comme les autres, ses fautes et ses méprises"—is only a dialect which chances to be uppermost. "I'll ventur to do it," would almost shut one out of a polite parlor now, yet seventy years ago it was the only thing that was tolerable. If good usage seventy years from now commands that the letter *r* shall be ignored, as is possible, making people remark during these spring east winds, "Waw and wough weather, fwiends!" then for ears polite must the letter *r* die.

Quæ cum ita sint, (this trite old husk we throw into the teacher's trough for his especial satisfaction; for nothing is so distasteful, we know, to the race of pedagogues as to have Giles and his friends casting before them these pure pearls of old English) *quæ cum ita sint*, then, we counsel him to treat the enormities of Giles with patient correction by word of mouth alone. The boy has good points, though he cannot be called an elegant person in any but a Hibernian sense; and it will be too bad to have his inelegance hurt his success. We hope, however, we have shown that he does not deserve to come to any such grief as the ferule. We own that when his broad Yankee came twanging through his nose, as he repelled his accuser's charge, Lowell's verse began to run through our head:

"An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger;
Their talk wuz meatier an' 'ould stay,
While book-froth seems to whet your hunger.
For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt humbug's eyes, ther's few can metch it;
An' then it helms my thoughts ez allick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet."

It is not the part of good taste and high culture to see nothing in popular uncouthness but what is absurd. Many pure and strong old idioms, buckets of the sweet, good Saxon milk, lie up among the springs and coolness of the country farms, while usage peddles out in their place mere chalk and water to the urbane crowd, who swallow and swallow until the taste is perverted. We choose the poorer by preference, and come to loathe the unadulterated mother-tongue.

Here, in fine, are the words of a great scholar just dead, which are as true of the provincial dialects of English as of the great language of which he writes: "Die Mundarten nun sind die natürlichen, nach den Gesetzen der sprachgeschichtlichen Veränderungen gewordenen Formen der deutschen Sprache, im Gegensatz zu der mehr oder minder gemachten und schulmeisterlich geregelten und zugestuteten Sprache der Schrift. Hier ist eine reiche Fülle von Worten und Formen, die, an sich gut und echt, von der Schriftsprache verschmäht wurden; hier finden wir manches, was wir zur Erklärung der älteren Sprachdenkmale, ja zur Erkenntnis der jetzigen Schriftsprache verwerthen können." Or, to translate freely, we go for refreshment and instruction to the popular language, and find in the forms which grammarians and authors discredit an inexhaustible wealth of suggestion and illumination.

Correspondence.

"ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg leave to say that Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is liked by many children who, according to the *Nation* of April 8, "care little or nothing for it." The copy which was brought into our family by means of a notice in your paper, more than two years ago, is a standing refutation of your statement, for its covers are all worn off, and it has been lent to at least twenty children. It was listened to eagerly, besides, in a school where the pupils were allowed, once a week, to read from books of their own choosing; and one little boy, who read it with great delight, and tried in vain to get a copy in Boston, has just been made happy by one from London. Almost every hour I hear the children quote it, or see a grin like that with which the Cheshire cat vanishes, or a milder and more kitten-like one, on the lips of a child too young to read.

Let me say, also, that Foote's "Grand Panjandrum," and the other guests at the barber's wedding, of whom you spoke as almost unknown characters, in a review of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," several months ago, are old friends of the same children. I cannot find the paper, and therefore cannot quote your statement in your own words.

Very respectfully,

C. M. H.

WEST ROXBURY, MASS., April 9, 1869.

[We probably generalized from too limited an experience.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

It is announced by the publishers of the proposed *Record of American Entomology*, for 1869 (Salem: Essex Institute), that the number of subscriptions warrants the publication of the work, but that the increased size of it will cause the price to be raised (for all except original subscribers) from 75 cents to \$1.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. will publish Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's novel, "The Curse of Gold," after it has run its course as a serial in the *New York Weekly*.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have nearly ready the "Life of Audubon," by his widow, already announced by us, and the following works: "Norman Leslie," a novel by Hon. Theodore S. Fay, late United States Minister to Switzerland; "On Color," from the French of Mme. E. Cavé; "Sacred and Constructive Art," by Calvin N. Otis, architect; "The Principles of Psychology," by Professor John Bascom, of Williams College; and "Our Admiral's Flag Abroad." The last-named describes the cruise of the United States flagship *Franklin*, in 1867-68, with Admiral Farragut, and is, say the publishers, to be handsomely printed and largely illustrated, so as to resemble in appearance the *Artists' Sketch Book*, published by the same house. For a frontispiece, we would suggest that a copy be made of Page's portrait of the Admiral, if the artist be willing.—Books which we may soon expect from Messrs. Lippincott & Co., are George Lawrence's "Breaking a Butterfly," of which we spoke last week; new editions of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby;" "Over Yonder," by the author of "The Old Manselle's Secret." They have also in press: "The Stomach and its Difficulties," by Sir James Eyre, M.D., which is now in its sixth edition, and treats of a subject which ought to secure it an endless sale; three novels, namely: "The Quaker Partisana," of the Revolution; "The Gold Key," from the French, called a dramatic story; and "Busy Hands and Patient Hearts," from the German, translated by Annie Harwood. Finally, Mrs. Maria Webb's companion volume to her "Penns and Peningtons," "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall, and their Friends, with an Account of their Ancestor, Anne Askew, the Martyr." We venture to predict that this will be found a readable and entertaining book, and well deserving its second edition.—Mr. Samuel Bowles is making a third book of his experiences beyond the Mississippi, to be called "Our New West," and to be sold only by subscription, by the Hartford Publishing Company.—Mr. Edward McPherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, is preparing a "Political Manual for 1869," in continuation of his invaluable series. It will not appear before August or September, but will be strictly up to date. Mr. McPherson's leisure, if he has any, is devoted to a life of the late Thaddeus Stevens.

—It is a great question, in the race between books and periodicals, as to which shall prevail, and which is to contribute most to the diffusion and elevation of knowledge. However this may be, it often appears to us as if the most useful service we performed, in these notes, was calling attention to articles of moment in the monthly journals of one sort and another. The *American Naturalist* for April, for example, contains in its opening article on "The Aboriginal Mound Builders of Tennessee," by Dr. Joseph Jones, information which ought to be widely shared, and certainly by all who take an interest in the early settlement of this continent. The writer speaks from personal experience as an explorer of these pyramidal earth-mounds, and proves that the race which constructed them were yellow-haired sun-worshippers, allied to the Mexicans, and enjoying a considerable degree of civilization. It is a curious fact that this characteristic of yellow hair was determined from the remains of two bodies buried in a cave with the garments they had worn while living. As to the age of the mound-builders, Dr. Jones has assured himself that those whose works are still visible in Tennessee, "possessed the country with a numerous population, even as late as the exploration of De Soto." In confirmation of this belief he adduces the relics which have been discovered in these mounds, of the cross and other emblems of the Catholic religion. The article may be read in connection with Mr. Catlin's *O-Kee-pa*. It concludes that "the inhabitants of America have, at various times, come in contact with the civilization and religions of Europe, even before the recognized era of the discovery and exploration of the American continent." Professor E. D. Cope treats, with the aid of a plate, of the fossil reptiles of New Jersey. Of one of this group of monsters, it is said that New Jersey possesses six of the ten known species, and in relative abundance of individuals also "is much in advance of any other part of the world where excavations have been made"—a distinction between Jersey and the rest of mankind which is constantly cropping out. Persons who are familiar with the curious tracks

on the sandstone of the Connecticut valley, will be glad to see figured here the creature that represents the transition from reptiles to birds, and was for a long time a puzzle to the paleontologists.

—The *Historical Magazine* for February contains an important document, contributed by Mr. William Swinton, and never before printed—General Lee's report of the Pennsylvania campaign and battle of Gettysburg, from the original manuscript. It is brief and modestly written, but in other respects we cannot speak for its merits. Mr. Swinton promises the editor "to follow it up with a paper by way of comment and elucidation." The weakness of the Confederates in cavalry is more than once referred to in this report, and undoubtedly had a great deal to do with deciding the fortune of the three-days' battle. General Meade's report of his operations on the Rapidan, May 4 to November 1, 1864, will be printed, for the first time, in the March number of the *Magazine*. Other papers in the present number relate to the everlasting Popham (Me.) controversy, the Rowan County (N. C.) controversy, and the Ethan Allen (Ticonderoga) controversy. There are entertaining letters, printed *verbatim*, from distinguished women of the Revolution. Mrs. Caroline Gilman contributes a pleasant account of her kinsman, Major John Lillie, a brave and intelligent Revolutionary officer. And finally, Mr. George H. Moore turns up, as we knew he would, and shakes Parson Phillips's slave-marriage formula, which we printed in part the other day, in the face of hypocritical New England. It is surprising what peculiar atrocity negro slavery assumes when practised north of Mason and Dixon's line; at least if Mr. Moore's fine frenzy is to be taken for genuine.

—The *Boston Advertiser* refers to a letter that lately appeared in the *London Times*, showing, from a recent record of all the English judges from the earliest times, the frequent instances in which eminence at the bar and on the bench has been attained by several members of the same family, often in direct descent. The *Advertiser* was led by it to examine the traditions of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and the result was sufficiently remarkable to bear exhibiting. The list is, however, too long for us to reproduce except by specimen. Reckoning the whole period from 1692 to the present time, the Court has had seventy-five justices, and among them six Cushings—the last three related—together with their kinsman Robert Treat Paine; five Sewalls, of whom three were related, and three chief-justices; two Lyndes, chief-justices; two Hutchinsons, etc. The following are also striking examples:

"Francis Dana, the fourth chief-justice [after 1775] and minister to Russia, was the son of Richard Dana, judge of the provincial court of Common Pleas, and nephew of Edmund Trowbridge, the ablest and most learned of the judges of the provincial Superior Court; and was also father of Richard Henry Dana, the poet; grandfather of Richard Henry Dana, jr., one of the present leaders of the Boston bar; and uncle of General George Kinnaird Dana, of the English army.

"Daniel Dewey, judge 1814-15, was the father of Charles Augustus Dewey, judge 1837-66; and a son of the latter, Francis Henshaw Dewey, is one of the present judges of the Superior Court. The late Daniel Dewey Barnard, of Albany, minister at the court of Prussia, was their cousin."

It is impossible not to respect a judiciary which can point to such a succession; and it is equally impossible to expect anything of the kind from an elective judiciary.

—Prof. Goldwin Smith has presented to Cornell University his private historical library, just arrived from England, which numbers 3,000 volumes, and has been insured for \$6,000—about half its value. The *Ithacan*, from which we borrow this intelligence, adds that the gift is peculiarly appropriate, inasmuch as President White's book-purchases in Europe were mainly of a scientific character. Of the act itself there can be but one opinion, and as a living legacy it will be all the more appreciated. What it may betoken in regard to the author's future studies and place of residence we do not know; so long as he remains in this country and at Ithaca of course his library is as available as if he still held possession of it, with the obvious difference that it is also accessible to the students of the University.

—There is abundant evidence of the progress making in regard to education, for both sexes, in England. The new college for women in London, whose object is what is now generally called secondary education, has set up a standard of examination for admission so high that it seems to have been regarded in some quarters as injudicious. Mrs. Davies, however, the honorary secretary, explains, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that examination is waived in the case of girls who have passed the Cambridge or Edinburgh local (senior) examination. For such candidates have already been tested, equally with the boys, in regard to their elementary knowledge—of arithmetic and grammar, for example; branches

which the women's college is not designed to teach, and therefore requires to be satisfied that they have been already mastered. The results of the senior examination at Cambridge prove the wide neglect which these simple studies suffer in the preparatory schools. Out of eighty-two "senior" girls who were rejected last year, Mrs. Davies says that fifty-nine failed in the preliminary examination, viz., forty-one in arithmetic, thirty-two in English grammar, twenty-nine in history, twenty-seven in geography. But the senior examination is passed by a large and increasing number of girls under eighteen. The boys, on the other hand, at the great public schools, are in a fair way to be sensibly relieved of some of their present burdens. At Harrow, at least, a so-called modern department is contemplated for the benefit of scholars whose destination is the military or the civil service. Only a limited proficiency in the classics will be required of them, and they can proceed to finish the practical training of which the foundations were laid in the schools of humbler grade. Heretofore Harrow has been resorted to on account of its facilities for cramming the classics, which of course have been insisted on by the examiners for military and civil places. The reform, therefore, will be a limping one unless the examiners alter their standards, and this the *Pall Mall Gazette* intimates will be the case. We have in this country an analogous state of things, the colleges setting the mark for the classical schools, and the high schools setting the mark for the grammar; and the evils of superficiality and cramming which have grown out of these relations are evidently not to be corrected from below but from above.

—Unpractical teaching was the theme of complaint of Mr. Froude's late address at the University of St. Andrew's. "What I deplore," said he, "in our present higher education is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to subjects which have no practical bearing upon life." Instancing the concentration of appliances at Oxford for producing clergymen, he spoke of the unexampled clerical activity for the last thirty years, and the astounding production of theological literature in every shape. Against this he set the corresponding increase of commercial immorality and its widespread infection, which the clergy view with absolute indifference while wrangling over vestments and doctrines of faith. In all this time, said Mr. Froude, among hundreds of sermons he had heard, he did not recollect ever to have heard one "on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, 'Thou shalt not lie' and 'Thou shalt not steal.'" The closing words of the historian on this subject are quite significant:

"What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds every acre of land appropriated, a universal 'Not yours' set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a Government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled—such a child, I say, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low."

—The unprofitableness of the clergy finds a curious illustration in the extent to which the manufacture and sale of sermons have been carried in England. The advertisements of the venders of this ready-made orthodoxy have frequently been exposed, and the inference is irresistible—since advertisements cost money—that the enterprise has been a paying one. Perhaps, however, too many have entered the business, or the speculators, grown bolder, have aspired to vaster gains. At all events, a private circular has been sent to the clergy announcing the approaching issue of a periodical to be composed entirely of sermons, and to be sold exclusively to gentlemen in holy orders. The *Guardian* has been so shocked by this development that it repents ever having admitted this kind of advertisements to its columns, and solemnly resolves hereafter to exclude them, at whatever pecuniary loss to itself; rightly remarking that "if the laity once come to the conclusion that preachers are commonly indebted to others for their sermons, few clergymen will be above suspicion, . . . and a taint of insincerity will attach to hundreds of excellent clergymen who have done nothing to deserve it." This state of things lends additional piquancy to the anecdote borrowed by Mr. Froude of the late Bishop Bloomfield, who, on seeing at the University church at Cambridge a verger whom he remembered many years before when he was himself an undergraduate, congratulated him on his healthy appearance at so great an age. "'Oh yes, my lord,' the fellow said, 'I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still.'" We are not sure that the sermon periodical is not a "Yankee" invention. Certain is it that in this city a monthly publication, called the *National Preacher*, has reached some thirty volumes (unless we err), each number consisting of about four ser-

mons, and these (hastily glanced at) seeming to be printed for no earthly reason except that perhaps they were furnished gratuitously and have a market among the clergy "exclusively." But perhaps we do the publication and the clergy injustice.

—It is easy to agree that intellectual stagnation is one of the worst results of a repressive government and one of the most powerful arguments against it. The extent to which this stagnation exists in France is seldom realized, owing to the fact that Paris is France for the outer world. Attention has recently been called in a German paper to the condition of Cette, a wealthy commercial town with 30,000 inhabitants, which has not a single newspaper of any kind, nor—what is certainly surprising—an advertising sheet. The bourse quotations it gets from a lithographic list (the common substitute for news enterprise on the Continent), and with this it is satisfied. Montpellier, the capital, has the only two political newspapers in the department of the Hérault, which contains 400,000 inhabitants. These are but echoes of the Paris press, one being a Government organ, the other an Opposition. And the city has but two non-political papers, which are described as "unspeakably silly and trivial." That the repressiveness of the Government is not traditional merely, but active, the case of M. Louis Ulbach too clearly demonstrates; and it is, indeed, as has been said, almost incredible that for a fanciful interpretation of the word "Napoleon" as meaning "Exterminator," this well-known and generally cautious writer was prosecuted, and fined three hundred francs for *lèse-majesté*. With this sentence of the police court, however, the authorities were not satisfied, and carrying up an appeal they got a new valuation of this "offence against the Emperor" in six months' imprisonment for the etymological editor, and severe fines for his printers; and, after all, it was Napoleon I. who was in question.

—It must be a very ordinary Frenchman of whom some good story cannot be told after his death. Of Lamartine the *Paris Public* tells the following, which is said to be authentic. He was a poet before he was a statesman, and so it happened that in 1848, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was still open to the divine afflatus, and never neglected the inspiration of the moment. If it caught him in the midst of his official duties, his habit was to note it down in his memorandum book, no matter how it consoled with the business entries which preceded and came after it. One day he had recorded a number of applications for subordinate offices in his department, from persons who had either been recommended to him, or in some way had recommended themselves. Soon after, he was seized with the idea that he would devote his "meditations" to King David, the psalmist, for whom, as an immortal poet, he had already expressed his rapturous admiration. He accordingly jotted down in his book, without minding where, the single word "David," which chanced, however, to fall among the applicants for consulships. In due course the list went to the bureau which made out the appointments, and finally the *Moniteur* announced that "Citizen David" had been made consul at Bremen. Naturally the lucky applicant failed to put in an appearance, or in any way to signify his acceptance of the post or his gratitude for the favor. It then became a question who had recommended him; perhaps the memorandum-book would tell. A single glance was enough for the poet-secretary. The next day the *Moniteur* had a fresh announcement: "Citizen Marchand has been named consul at Bremen, *vice* Citizen David, transferred to other duties."

—The Asiatic Society of Bengal is doing a great work for the historians of India and for Oriental scholars in general. The Sanskrit publications of this society in its *Bibliotheca Indica* since 1848 are well known to have had an important influence on Sanskrit studies in Europe. In 1862, at the instigation of its president, Mr. A. Grote, and Mr. Thomas, the numismatist, it published the first volume of a series of Persian chronicles which throw contemporary light on the periods of which they treat, and cover the Mogul and the pre-Mogul rules. Seven volumes have thus far appeared, the first three in close chronological sequence, and the reigns they describe reach from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the seventeenth century. Some Beejapoor MSS. recently found in the India Office probably contain very valuable material, though as a collection they had suffered greatly before the Company undertook to preserve them. They are said to be the remains of one of the royal libraries existing at Beejapoor in the Deccan prior to its capture by Aurungzebe in 1686. That Emperor carried off cart-loads of manuscripts, and only respected a portion attached to a Mohammedan shrine. Among the fragments are books in Persian and Arabic, beautifully written and illuminated, and some in Maltratta and Sanskrit, in Canarese and other southern languages, along with black-letter English and Spanish books in not great abundance.

BICKMORE'S EAST INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.*

IN the none too extensive list of American works, half scientific, half popular, of which Agassiz's "Brazil" is a recent and first-rate example, Mr. Bickmore's travels will take a creditable place. We owe the present work to an expedition which had for its object to restore the scattered and impaired collection of shells from the East, made in the last half of the seventeenth century by the German naturalist, Rumpf or Rumphius, a description of which was published after his death, in 1705; and to procure a duplicate collection for American museums. Mr. Bickmore attributes his complete success in these particulars to the liberality of certain persons in Boston and Cambridge, and to the uniform and singular courtesy of the Dutch authorities throughout his journeyings in the Archipelago. The facilities thus afforded him by the latter enabled him to extend greatly his observations, and to visit islands which he could hardly have expected to approach before he had experienced so friendly a reception. In fact, the reader is anything but wearied or perplexed with conchological details, thinly distributed as they are through six chapters only out of seventeen. The other topics which go to make up the contents of the book are the natural features, formation, and probable origin of the several islands visited; their resemblance or unlikeness in respect of inhabitants, of fauna and flora; their political history; official statistics as to population, productiveness, commerce, etc.; and the Dutch rule and Dutch society as they appear to a stranger, who is treated with distinguished consideration wherever he goes, who does not stay long in Batavia, and who leaves the island domain within thirteen months after entering it, having, as he says, travelled six thousand miles in the meantime, and fulfilled his scientific mission.

Our author not only reports to us all that he saw, but shows his acquaintance with the works of previous explorers and travellers in the same field, so that, altogether, he offers a very considerable amount of information, which will be fresh to most readers. With the exception of his experiments in regard to hot-water vegetation, he makes, perhaps, no original contribution to our knowledge of cosmical development; but he represents in a very striking manner the extent of volcanic upheavals, and indicates very clearly the probable connection between the Archipelago and the Asiatic and Australian continents. He notes also the strict limitations of their fauna and flora where only narrow straits separate adjacent islands, and indicates what products are exotic and from whence derived—in settling which latter question comparative philology plays an important part. To hear the English speech in those countries ought to have caused scarcely greater delight than to meet with maize, and cocoa, and pineapple, and reflect that these are America's gifts to the Old World. Even coffee was introduced into these islands, in which pepper and cloves and nutmegs are indigenous, though, strange to say, the natives have never discovered any use for them. How the endowed compare with the endowing countries, Mr. Bickmore's contrast of Java and Cuba illustrates; and though the colonial policies of Holland and Spain have too often run parallel, the latter may perhaps justly be charged with the inferiority of her favorite island:

"Java is to the East Indies what Cuba is to the West Indies. In each there is a great central chain of mountains. Both shores of Cuba are opposite small bodies of water, and are continuously low and swampy for miles, but in Java only the north coast borders on a small sea. This shore is low, but the southern coast, on the margin of the wide Indian Ocean that stretches away to the Antarctic lands, is high and bold, an exception which is in accordance with the rule that the higher elevations are opposite the greater oceans, or, more properly, that they stand along the borders of the ocean beds or greatest depressions on the surface of our globe. In Java, where the coast is rocky, the rocks are hard volcanic basalts and trachytes, which resist the action of the sea, and the shore-line is therefore quite regular; but in Cuba there is a fringing of soft coral rock, which the waves quickly wear away into hundreds of little projecting headlands and bays, and on the map the island has a ragged border. In its geological structure, Cuba, with its central axis of mica slates, granitic rocks, serpentines, and marbles, has a more perfect analogue in Sumatra; for in Java the mountains, instead of being formed by elevations of pre-existing strata, are merely heaps of scorice, ashes, sand, and rock, once fluid, which have all been ejected out of separate and distinct vents. The area of Java is estimated at 38,250 square geographical miles; that of Cuba at about 45,000. The length of Java is 575 geographical, or 666 statute miles; that of Cuba 750 statute miles. But while the total population of Cuba is estimated only at a million and a half, the total population of Java and Madura is now (1865), according to official statements, 13,917,368. In Cuba, of a total area of thirty million acres, it was estimated in 1857 that 48,572 were under cultivation, or, including pasturage, 218,161 acres. In Java and Madura last year (1864) the cultivated

fields and the groves of cocoa-nut palms covered an area of 2,437,037 acres. In Cuba, from 1853 to 1858, the yearly exports were from 27,000,000 to 32,000,000 dollars, and the imports of about the same value. In Java, last year, the imports amounted to 66,846,412 guilders (26,738,565 dollars); and the exports to the enormous sum of 123,094,798 guilders (49,237,919 dollars)."

Dutch kindness and hospitality, in the case of Mr. Bickmore, could only protect him to a certain extent from discomfort and danger. Earthquakes and volcanoes he had always with him; more than once in Malayan canoes he came near being swamped at sea or in the furious surf, or stranded on coral reefs; in descending from the cone of a crater his life hung for a moment on a single fern; even in a Boston carriage, his horses being untrained, he was like to have been hurled from winding cornice roads into bottomless abysses; he braved the pirate *Shenandoah* in the Indian Ocean (spring of 1865), and ventured into the cannibal district of Sumatra; he walked with fear and trembling—or, as he is apt to say in such cases, "with a shudder"—among tigers and snakes, and at the very last, at Singapore, had a deadly engagement on ship-board with a "specimen" python, which a malicious acquaintance had given him "on sight, unseen," as the phrase is. His adventures with the "American," as the Boston carriage was called, are worth quoting, both in themselves and as specimens of the author's best narration. Having had a sufficiently alarming experience with horses on the narrow and precipitous mountain descents, Mr. Bickmore contrived to have coolies assigned to draw him instead:

"I selected three of the tallest and fleetest and placed them between the thills, and ranged others outside to haul, by means of long rattans fastened to the forward axle, and a suitable proportion behind to hold back by a rattan secured to the hind part of the carriage as we went down hill. All being in their places, I jumped into the carriage. A wild yell was raised, and away we dashed down a gradual descent, as if we were drawn by a race-horse; the road became steeper and steeper, and we flew faster and faster; those behind had evidently forgotten what was expected of them. Those in front, who were outside of the thills, dropped the rattan and leaped aside for fear of the rattling wheels behind them, and those in the thills shouted all sorts of implorings and execrations against those behind, who seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of their fellows too much to hold back at all. When we reached the bottom of the long hill, the men in the thills were the only ones near the carriage. The others were scattered at intervals all the way down the hill, but were coming on as fast as they could. All seemed in the best of temper, except those in the thills, who gave a spirited lecture to the others; but at once all formed as before and took us up the succeeding hill.

"At noon we came to the famous suspension bridge of rattan, of which I had been hearing the most frightful accounts for the last hundred miles. At once I took off my shoes to avoid slipping, and hastened down the airy, oscillating way, without allowing myself to look down and become giddy at the fearful depth beneath me. . . . At each bank the bridge is some eight feet wide, but it narrows toward the middle until it is only two feet, where it vibrates the most. I had been directed to go over, if possible, at a hurried walk, and thus break up the oscillating motion, and particularly cautioned against seizing the side of the bridge, lest it might swing to the opposite side and throw me off into the abyss beneath. When I had gone half way across the first span I found that one of the cross-boards, on which I was just in the act of placing my foot, had become loose and slipped over to one side, so that if I had stepped as I intended, I should have put my foot through, if indeed I had not fallen headlong on the rocks in the torrent more than a hundred feet beneath me. I therefore stopped instantly, and allowed myself to swing with the bridge until it came to a state of rest, and then again went on slowly, and safely reached the opposite bank. My companions, who stood on the bank behind me, became greatly alarmed when they saw me stop in the midst of the long span, and were sure that I had either become giddy, or was frightened, and that, in either case, I would grasp hold of the side of the bridge contrary to their express orders. The difficulty in crossing this bridge, which is as flexible as manila rope, is so great, not only because it oscillates to the right and left, but because there is a vertical motion, and its whole floor, instead of moving in one piece, is constantly rolling in a series of waves. . . .

"Although I am not one of those who allow themselves to be constantly tortured by presentiments and omens, I could not rid myself of an impression that some accident was going to happen to those who were bringing over the carriage, and went back to see for myself what they were doing. The wheels and the top were over, and six natives were bringing the body, which, though large, was very light. They had already crossed the long span, and were coming on to the short one. Is it possible, said I to myself, that such a slight structure can hold such a weight at such a great leverage? We shall soon see, for they are rapidly coming to the middle of the second span. At the next instant there was a loud sharp crack, like the report of a pistol. One of the large rattans that went over the high branches of the camphor trees and supported the sides, had parted at one of its joints. The officer who had charge of the bridge, and was standing by my side, seized me by the shoulder in his fright. As soon as the rattan on one side broke, the bridge gave a fearful lurch in the opposite direction, but the natives all knew they must keep perfectly quiet and allow themselves to swing, and, finally, when it had become still, they came on carefully and reached the bank."

Mr. Bickmore's observations on the various tribes he met with are

* "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago. By Albert S. Bickmore, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Madison University, Hamilton, N.Y., etc., etc." New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869. Pp. 538.

interesting and suggestive. He is, apparently, reluctant to confess that his cannibals invented an alphabet of their own, since he thinks it very inconsistent with their mode of living. But this is, in our opinion, to lay too much stress on the value of letters. Men have been found to argue that it is as repugnant to roast an ox as to roast a missionary. The fact that maize was not found by Europeans in the Archipelago is considered by the author as partial evidence that the American aborigines never came in contact with those of Oceanica. But the hideous distensions of the ear which he describes are an ancient custom of the Indians on our North Pacific coast as well as in the interior of South America. The trick of cutting down elephants from behind, as practised occasionally in Sumatra, is, boldness apart, the same that makes the glory of Mr. Baker's Hamran agageers; but it is quite possible that this has been learned of the Arabs. The proficiency of the Javanese in the making of musical instruments is a sufficient distinction from our copper-colored friends on the Plains.

We may note one custom which the author relates with some gusto, or rather with a naïveté which is amusingly visible in other portions also of his diary. He is speaking of a sumptuous entertainment given, on the island of Nusalaut, to the Dutch officer known as the Resident, and himself:

"The process of demolishing had fully begun, when the dark beauties who had been dancing before the house, came in, and ranged themselves around the table. My first impression was, that they had come in to see how Europeans eat, and I only refrained from hinting to that effect to the Resident on my right, because he had already smiled to see my surprise at our novel reception; and besides, I was anxious not to appear to be wholly ignorant of their odd customs. Soon they began to sing, and this, I thought to myself, is probably what is meant by a sumptuous banquet in the East, and, if so, it well deserves the name. As the song continued, one after another took out a handkerchief of spotless white, and folding it into a triangular form, began to fan the gentleman in front of her. This is indeed Eastern luxury, I said to myself, and while I was wondering what would come next, the damsel behind the Resident reached forward and gave him a loud kiss on his cheek. 'That was intended as an appetizer, I presume?' *Natuurlijk*, 'Of course,' he replied, and I leaned back in my chair to give way to a hearty laugh, which I had been trying for a long time to restrain, when suddenly I was astonished by a similar salutation on the lips! It was done so quickly that I had no time to recover from my bewildering surprise, and coolly explain that such was not the custom in my land. Instead of my laughing at the Resident's expense, the whole party laughed at mine; but my confusion was dispelled by the assurance of all, that even the Governor-General himself had to submit to such treatment when he came to inspect these islands. Besides, I was made aware that the fault was largely my own, and that when I leaned backward to laugh, the fair one behind me had misinterpreted the movement as a challenge (which she certainly seemed not loth to accept). At every village we had to run a similar gauntlet, and I must confess that several times it occurred to me that the youngest member of the party certainly received his share of such tender attention, and that many of these beauties, *nona itum*, were determined to improve their present opportunity for fear that they might never again have the privilege of kissing a gentleman with a white face."

The real explorations undertaken by Mr. Bickmore were in the peninsula Minahassa, of the island Celebes, and in Sumatra. Thence, as we have intimated, he went to Singapore, *en route* to China, on which we may expect, we trust, another book in due time. His experience among the Celestials was of excellent service in preparing the work before us, as it enabled him to determine the origin of many customs in the Archipelago which might otherwise have passed unnoticed or unexplained. But he seems unprepared to account for the fact which struck him, that the Chinese of the Archipelago are content to be buried there, unlike their brethren in California. Two tolerably full maps and copious wood-engravings after photographs, complete the satisfaction with which Mr. Bickmore's travels may be followed; but the chapter on Sumatra would have been much clearer if accompanied by half a dozen interleaved sketch-maps of the several excursions described in it.

FOREIGN POLITICS.*

MR. GRANT DUFF is member of Parliament for the Elgin Burghs, in Scotland, and holds an office in the Indian Administration under the Gladstone Government. As he enjoys—and, we believe, deservedly—the reputation of knowing more about foreign politics than any other man in England, indeed of being the only man in England who has made it the subject of close and systematic study, it was naturally hoped and expected by his friends that he would have been offered a high position—the Under-secretaryship, say—in the Foreign Office, but this he did not receive, because, according to the wags and the ill-natured, he knew so much more

than Lord Clarendon, that he would have proved an uncomfortable subordinate.

The volume before us, which has now been lying on our table for some time, consists of a series of four addresses composed with the view of being delivered to audiences of his constituents in the Elgin Burghs during the year 1868, but which, owing to the pressure of other engagements, were not actually delivered. The "Glance over Europe" is a pamphlet containing a lecture which the author gave at Peterhead in December, 1867. The nature of the "Political Survey" may be best described, by saying that it is a kind of condensation or extract of all that was really trustworthy concerning the political condition and prospects at the close of that year, of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Central Asia, Interior Central Asia, China, Japan, Siam, Egypt, Abyssinia, Zanzibar, Madagascar, West Coast of Africa, Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, the United States, and the States of Central and South America.

The first question that will naturally suggest itself to any one on reading this list is, how could the author find room to say anything worth saying, within the limits of a moderate octavo, and how could he acquire the knowledge necessary to say it, on such a vast range of subjects? As regards the space, he dismisses each country with a few pages, but those pages deal with the most prominent feature or tendency in its politics; in other words, the feature which an ordinarily intelligent foreigner would be likely to talk about, or be interested in, but about which the opinions of even the most intelligent foreigners are apt to be of the vaguest kind. As to the knowledge necessary to speak with authority on so varied a theme, Mr. Grant Duff has acquired it, first of all as regards European countries, by frequent and protracted visits, and intercourse with the leading statesmen and politicians of all parties, and as regards others of which he has had no personal knowledge, he has boiled down, if we may so speak, the diplomatic and consular reports, the most recent travellers' books, and the newspaper articles and correspondence. The result is an exceedingly valuable sketch of the political condition of the civilized world, accompanied with very useful suggestions as to what may reasonably be expected during the next few years with regard to each country, and all done in a perfectly calm and judicial spirit, and with a complete exemption from English leanings. We have been informed that it was the author's intention to publish a similar volume every two or three years, bringing his information down to the latest dates, but we fear his official duties may interfere with the execution of this design.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the service which he or any equally competent man, with a social or political position high enough to secure him the ear of the public, would render to Englishmen by the regular and persistent prosecution of such studies as Mr. Grant Duff has furnished, because there are, perhaps, few nations which have greater difficulty in understanding foreign politics, owing partly to want of imagination and partly to want of sympathy. The politics of a foreign country can hardly be understood by anybody who has not, in an eminent degree, the faculty of putting himself in other people's places, or who has not resided in it so long as to acquire familiarity with his neighbors' points of view. It is to this defect in the English character that we owe the extraordinary blunders of the English press, and the English public men, upon nearly all the great questions of continental politics (to say nothing about the blunders about the American rebellion), since the French Revolution of 1830. Upon that, and upon the Greek revolution which immediately preceded it, they were in the right, and as a rule they have sympathized warmly with all the great liberal movements on the Continent during the last thirty years; but they have almost invariably, when the moment of action came, been seized with some crotchet which has dried up the fountain of their benevolence, and presented them to their protégés in the light of cold-hearted deceivers. They encouraged the Poles, and Hungarians, and Italians, and Danes, in succession; but somehow, when the crisis came, they were never ready to do anything but criticise and find fault; and what has most exasperated the Continental liberals is, that most of the criticism has rarely had any basis in knowledge. A few Englishmen study foreign politics as it is rarely studied, but the mass of Englishmen do not take pains to be well informed, which would make no great difference if they had not so much to say about it; and what with ignorance and want of the sympathetic quality, their judgments drive foreigners nearly mad.

It must be admitted, however, that the difficulty of getting at the truth about foreign politics is not trifling. The leading London papers take, in ordinary times, considerable pains to get good information, but then the

* "A Political Survey. By Mount Stuart E. Grant Duff." Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. 1868. "A Glance over Europe." Second Edition. Same author.

mere labor of reading all, or half, what the newspapers or travellers say about foreign countries in our day, or reading the diplomatic reports or despatches, is something from which most people shrink. It would probably be found on examination, that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, both in England and America, rely on the telegraph now for all they learn of what is going on abroad. A book like Mr. Grant Duff's, therefore, which gives the key to some of the leading problems, or even a thread to carry one through the labyrinth of a revolution or "question," can hardly fail to be in the highest degree useful.

Americans, as regards knowledge, are by far worse off than Englishmen, but then their greater sympathy and imagination, and greater distance from foreign countries, prevent their ignorance from doing as much mischief. Within the range of our observation the *New-York Times* and *World*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *Boston Advertiser*, and the *Springfield Republican*, though this last has weak, gushing moments, are the only papers which make any attempt to see, or even any pretence of seeing, foreign affairs as they are. Most of the others either eschew the discussion of them altogether, or else feel it to be their duty to take, of every event or movement of importance occurring abroad, what they are pleased to call the "American view." To the "American view," three things are necessary—first, complete ignorance of the facts of the case; secondly, a firm conviction that all rebellions are justifiable, and will end well; thirdly, an equally firm conviction that monarchs and nobles are the only persons in Europe who do not look at government and society from the American standpoint, and who do not wish to see society remodelled in exact imitation of that of the United States. That human character can have been affected in Europe by the habits, traditions, and education of two thousand years, and that a German, or Frenchman, or Spaniard, can really and truly take a different view of the ends of existence and of the elements of happiness from an Illinois farmer or "railroad man," they treat as an invention of aristocrats and tyrants. As we have said about Englishmen, this would be all very well if the love of talking about foreign affairs, and meddling in them by speeches, and resolutions, and reports, and subscriptions, and filibustering, were not rapidly growing. But it is growing, and therefore it is in the highest degree important that a greater number of persons should make the condition of foreign countries a subject of conscientious examination, and a greater number of journals should take realistic views of foreign politics, and give us, not what they "feel" or "hope" about them, but what they *know*, and what the public ought to know, before it begins to halloo over them, and sign petitions and addresses about them. The "American view" we get in abundance from N. P. Banks and George Francis Train.

The matter is all the more important because, now that our domestic troubles seem in a fair way of settlement, the disposition to meddle in foreign troubles seems to be rapidly reviving, and with it comes an enormous amount of folly and absurdity and self-stultification. In the late controversy with England, the advocates of the United States clung firmly to two positions of vast importance, both to political morality and public law; one was that a rebellion was not justifiable because it *was* a rebellion, or because the rebels were "the weaker party," or "the minority;" that it was the duty of every man, before encouraging it, to enquire faithfully, whether it had any better grounds than caprice or passion, or whether its ends were justifiable, or whether it had a reasonable chance of success, or of setting up something better than what it sought to overturn. The other was, that in the matter of according belligerent rights, or recognizing the independence of rebels, a state should be governed strictly by the rules of international law, and not by its own desires or sympathies; and on England's departure from this position our charges in the Alabama case are based by those who make them with most bitterness. Yet it would be hard to discover in the speeches or resolutions of the Cretan or Cuban meetings, to say nothing of the votes of the House of Representatives, the least trace or sign of our ever having been the champions of any such doctrines.

A History of Lowell. Second revised edition. By Charles Cowley. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.)—The acknowledged value of local histories, when prepared with even a moderate degree of accuracy and painstaking, will serve as our excuse for reviewing a work published several months ago, from which our attention has hitherto been diverted. We take it up the more readily as it is unpretending both in scope and appearance, and is, considering its brevity (pp. 235), as well done as could be expected. Its literary workmanship is not high, and the proof-reader has neglected many errors in the types; but the book is orderly in its arrangement and may be read with interest even by those for whom many of the statistics will have no attraction whatever. The author we take to be a lawyer by

profession. In the late war he was a paymaster and judge-advocate in the navy, and was wounded in the attack on Fort Johnson in Charleston harbor in July, 1864.

If it is difficult to gather from obscure and meagre records the early history of our first American settlements, it is hardly less difficult to write the annals of a town which began its corporate and independent existence less than fifty years ago. The very obscurity of the former is an incentive to diligent research and offers a fascinating field for speculation; the notoriety of the latter, in an age of newspapers which leave nothing concealed, forbids indulgence in the illusions of fancy, or much departure from a simple narrative and summary. In the first instance we have to deal with a few characters, of marked individuality, and have plenty of leisure to devote to them; in the second, we may also have a few more prominent than the rest, but then their career is well-known and amply recorded, and their very faces are remembered by those still living, while the generation succeeding the founders is yet active on the stage, and is not a proper subject for the historian. All this is to be said of Lowell as compared, for example, with Salem Village, and the more so because the city may at this day be described as inchoate and unfinished. Mr. Cowley says of the people, in a misapplied but intelligible phrase, that "the *genius loci* is not in them,"—in other words, the municipal spirit is wanting. This defect we are too familiar with in New York, and partly for a similar reason—the immense influx of foreigners. This has had the natural consequences in politics:

"It must be confessed," says the author, "that Lowell has become a political Boetia—that her politics, her office-holders, and her office-seekers are the opprobrium of the Commonwealth. She is cursed with miserable 'bummers,' of both parties, who, were they suddenly placed in the Common Council of New York, would have nothing to learn of political chicanery, but might be able to impart some valuable suggestions to Fernando Wood himself."

On another page he states that "in the first years of Lowell, three-fourths of the men placed in public authority were among the best men living there [here]. But none will pretend that such has been the fact during the last twenty years." In this period a great revolution has taken place in the character of the factory hands, who, when M. Chevalier visited the mills in 1834, were almost all New England girls, but in 1860, at the time of Prince Napoleon's visit, were "a motley crowd of Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, and French Canadians, who were hardly likely to arouse that exquisite poetic sentiment which Chevalier felt for the factory girls of 1834." Mr. Cowley fixes the date of political demoralization in Lowell at about the era of the first great European emigration to this country, of which Lowell must have early felt the effects; but "its grand impetus was derived from the Know-Nothing movement of 1854, which suddenly changed all the loafers of the city, of native birth, into scheming politicians." The California fever and emigration to the West still further reduced the native element, in spite of which, it is encouraging to observe the excellence of the public school system of Lowell. A noticeable part of its history is the arrangement effected in 1835 by the Rev. James Connolly, the Catholic priest, and the School Committee, for including the Irish schools with the other public schools—an experiment which at first was coupled with the condition that the teachers of the schools thus included should be Roman Catholics. "In a few years, however, the jealousies which rendered this arrangement advisable subsided, and differences of creed ceased to be recognized in any form in connection with the public schools." Lowell also for a time adopted the free evening schools, but failed to keep them up; and the author claims for it the honor of being the first town in which school-reports were regularly read at the town-meetings.

Something of the old stock still remains in Lowell, or at least the spirit of those Chelmsford men who at Bunker Hill steadied themselves from a panic, on their leader breaking forth with "Old Hundred;" or their brother militiamen who, during Shays' Rebellion in 1786, "served under General Lincoln in the western counties, and, 'on the memorable thirtieth of January, performed a march of thirty miles, without refreshment, through deep snows, in a stormy and severely cold night'"—a march to which, as Theodore Parker once remarked, if the Boston "Tigers" of his day had been subjected, nothing would have remained of them at the end but their bearskins. The Lowell men of the Sixth Massachusetts honored their ancestors in being first to answer the summons to Washington, and in facing the Pratt Street mob in Baltimore, by whom three of their number perished; Corporal Crowley, a native of Lowell, bearing the colors "with a steady courage that attracted the admiration of all," and surviving that peril only to offer up his life in another place. To Lowell we also owe Generals Butler and Banks, both as politicians and as commanders—the

balance of whose services to their country in either capacity can be struck by posterity more justly than by any living. Of Banks we read very little in this history; the only unfamiliar reminiscence of him being his editorship of a Democratic newspaper after he had ceased to be the "bobbin-boy." General Butler figures a good deal more and not always reputably, but is on the whole treated leniently by the author. Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Fox is the third conspicuous sharer in the conduct of the war whom Lowell produced, and there is perhaps some limit to her just pride in him. The merit of the younger Abbots is duly emphasized by Mr. Cowley, and is known to all readers of the "Harvard Biographies."

Other distinguished men not a few, from the Apostle Eliot down, have had a more or less immediate connection with the spot now called Lowell, but the real interest attaches to the trio whose names will never be forgotten in the traditions of that city. American energy, inventiveness, boldness, and executive ability cannot be better illustrated than they were by Francis C. Lowell, Patrick T. Jackson, and Kirk Boott. The last was the Titan of them all, and his tremendous will, which had been indulged as a soldier under Wellington in the Peninsular War, naturally carried all before it in a new and growing town where his powers of direction and achievement had the freest scope. There are, accordingly, stories to be told of his imperious supervision of the religion and politics of his employees, and of his interference in town affairs when public sentiment was likely to cross him. But the reader wishes that both he and his associates could have been portrayed more minutely, not only as men worthy of study in themselves, but as throwing light on the development of the gigantic industries with which they are for ever identified. The national bearing of their lives is hardly touched upon, except where mention is made of Mr. Lowell's part in making the tariff of 1816 protective of cotton goods.

Society in a community so heterogeneous as that of Lowell may not be scrutinized very closely. It has always furnished, says the author, "an attractive field for quacks. Not to mention political quacks, who are common everywhere, we have had quacks of one class, who have flourished at the bar; we have had quacks of another class, not less numerous, who have flourished in the pulpit; but the faculty most prolific in quacks is the faculty of physis. Here the vender of every nostrum, the empiric, and the abortionist have reaped a luxurious harvest." In ministers the town has been particularly unfortunate, not less than five having been publicly disgraced for their licentiousness or connection with bad women. It is the exceptional case when the author says of the Kirk Street Congregational church that, "in the substantial elements of parochial strength, this church is one of the strongest in Lowell. Yet four lines suffice for its history—it having had no changes in its pastorate, no schism, no scamps, no scandal. 'Happy are the people whose annals are barren.'" The large female operative population may have had something to do with the immorality which infected even the pulpit, and still more with the prosperity of the quacks referred to. Lowell, we are reminded, is the city of Dr. Nathan Allen, who contends that, so far as his observation goes, the native population is far behind the foreign in ratio of increase—in fact, is dying out. To this cause he ascribes the total excess of deaths over births (695 to 654) in Lowell in 1863. To his more general conclusions, however, we have already taken exception, and we do not feel sure that even on his chosen ground he is altogether a safe guide in this branch of social science.

Tribune Essays. Leading articles contributed to the New York *Tribune*, from 1857 to 1863, by Charles T. Congdon. With an introduction by Horace Greeley. (New York: J. S. Redfield. 1869.)—An acute reasoner on the origin of wit and humor, and the distinction between them, has concluded that the mind sometimes criticises its own classifications of the objects presented to it, and is witty when it detects similarities between things which it accepts as different, and humorous in noticing differences in those things considered alike. "Pity and sympathy," he still further speculates, "are evidently compulsions laid on us, and a just and benevolent nature could not need them, so that we may suppose that in a higher state of existence they disappear; perhaps the passionate hate of guilt may be lessened, too, in those no longer subject to temptation, . . . and as, to an advancing moral insight, crime must seem more and more the height of absurdity and abnormality, the vision of the evil world will steadily change more and more into an intense and tremendous farce."

In this analysis we discern the just appreciation of the work which lies before us. "When I began to write for the *Tribune*," says Mr. Congdon in his forcible preface, "there was hardly a political virtue, hardly a fundamental social truth, hardly a time-honored maxim of humanity, hardly an elementary principle of justice, which we did not have

to fight for as if they had been discoveries." In other words, wrong had become right, humanity inhumanity, conscience hypocrisy, robbery property—language was not only perverted but subverted, wherever slavery held sway; and that was everywhere. There was, therefore, an inexhaustible spectacle of incongruities—of contradictions, as we have just said; and, according to the definition, an infinite field for humor for whoever had perception of them. Many had the perception who were spell-bound and tongue-tied; many more, however, who were stirred by the monstrous cruelties of the slave system, and filled with overflowing sympathy for its victims, could only cry out wrathfully and tearfully, like prophets of retributive justice. Slavery, too, was so clothed with respectability, and so entrenched in the reverence felt for the Constitution, that to raise a laugh against it was almost to commit sacrilege. Satire directed against it returned with ten-fold effect upon the North; for, so far as slavery was concerned, the South was eminently consistent. Being also thoroughly fanatical, it never produced a humorist.

The North produced but few; their trade was unpopular, and the Abolitionists were for the most part too grimly in earnest. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Edmund Quincy alone, as we now remember, habitually so divorced themselves from their sympathies as to regard slavery, its doings and its pretensions, (first at all events) with the eyes of a humorist. Mr. Congdon is worthy to rank with them, not as a technical Abolitionist, but as a natural humorist with anti-slavery instincts, and a powerful co-laborer from the day of small things to the triumphant end. In this volume he has gathered but a part of his contributions to the *Tribune*, but they serve very well to show the character of his writing, and, what is of some consequence to the historian, the truth of the statement which we have quoted from his preface. Since the war other humorists have arisen, and have even taken possession of the comic prints, on the side of morality; but Mr. Congdon had been long in practice when "Doesticks" reported the Butler slave sale on the Sea Islands, and afterwards "Orpheus C. Kerr" and "Nasby" planted the stings of their satire in the dying institution. Some gratitude, therefore, is due him as a pioneer, and we hope this collection of articles will secure it for him.

They are, to be sure, not so funny reading now as when they originally appeared. Many of the public incidents they discuss have fallen out of memory, and scarcely excite the interest necessary to a full enjoyment of the humor with which they are treated. But, on the other hand, all is not jesting with Mr. Congdon. Though not used to solid argumentation, he is by no means incapable of it, and as a cultivated and well-read writer he is able to afford a good deal of pleasure. It would be impossible by extracts to convey a just idea of his style, but we cannot resist giving two or three that we have marked. He is telling how Deacon Netherland caused "Old Anthony" to be flogged, on suspicion, with a saw:

"Joseph was a carpenter. Hence the theological propriety of using a saw. . . . Well, they were rather hard on the 'boy.' The neighbors closed their windows that they might not hear his cries. The women whimpered—as the women will—till the owner of the stable stopped the proceedings, probably being ashamed to have them noticed by his horses."

Mr. Benjamin Screws, of New Orleans, a professional negro dealer, is described as "the man who deals in the cerebrums and the cerebellums, the skulls, the wind-pipes, the chests, the abdominal regions, the legs, the heels, the great toes, and the little toes of his fellow-creatures." Judge Parker "does not appear to be one of your brilliant men, the sort of person to hang up in a dark alley." And this is good sense and sound learning.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that the opposition to slavery-extension which the Northern States exhibit is purely a Puritan feeling; for a deal of it is of old Dutch origin; and more of it has grown up in spite of Puritan predilection for a liberal interpretation of, and a strong respect for, the Hebrew Scripture. The truth is, so far as the Scriptural argument is concerned, that the Puritanical spirits are at the South, and holding slaves there by virtue of perverted texts out of Genesis and Deuteronomy, and fine-spun theories about the curse of Canaan."

The occasion for such writing as is most of Mr. Congdon's has pretty nearly abated, and the genius which he had for it is not shared by everybody. He has not lacked for imitators, however, and their forced jokes and pedantic citations often fill too large a space of the paper for which he did so much. It is due to him that the public should have his genuine and probably his best productions set apart by themselves, and placed among the historical documents of the thirty years' warfare against slavery.

The Solace of a Solitaire: A Record of Facts and Feelings. By Mary Ann Kilty, author of "Visiting My Relations," etc. (London: Trübner & Co. New York: John Wiley & Son.)—This is a loosely-written book, with but little to commend it on the ground of artistic merit. Its author is an

aged lady, who has published a good deal in her time, but whose works have not hitherto been deemed of sufficient interest to justify a reprint of them on this side of the water. The volume before us is, in its way, a plea for the doctrine of an infallible inward guide; though the author is not a Quaker, nor does she treat her subject from the Quaker point of view. The book can hardly be called an argument, nor does it rise to the dignity of a formal discussion. It is what it professes to be, a "record of facts and feelings." It is an unmethodical, desultory statement of the author's experiences and opinions, chiefly touching the doctrine of an inward light; with quotations from authors of high authority on other subjects in corroboration of her positions.

The frankness of Miss Kely's personal disclosures, the unreserve with which she tells us the heart-secrets of her history, give to her pages something of that sort of interest which is found in books of a lighter character, while the gravity of her purpose and the importance of her subject make her work, as a whole, not unworthy the attention of the most serious and thoughtful reader. She is a warm admirer of the old mystics, and from her quotations and allusions it is evident that her chief "solace" has been found in such writers as Cudworth and Henry More, Madame Guyon and Fénelon, Jacob Boehme and Fichte, and such modern religious philosophers as our own Ralph Waldo Emerson. Perhaps the chief value of this book is found in the apt quotations it contains from these and other writers.

Stories for Eva. By Anna E. Appleton. (Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1869).—*Father Gabrielle's Fairy.* By Mrs. Mary C. Peckham. (American Unitarian Association. 1869).—The Association which publishes these stories offered in May, 1867, three money prizes for "the best three manuscripts of books calculated for Unitarian Sunday-school libraries, and adapted to children under ten years of age." Twenty-nine manuscripts were sent in to the committee, of which number eight were judged worthy of publication, and five out of the eight have already seen

the light. The two which give occasion for this notice are, however, the only members of the series which we have seen. Miss Appleton's belongs to the ordinary Sunday-school type—it is not so full of technical theology and precocious piety as some of the stories published in the same field, but it has, notwithstanding, a "goody" flavor which is not quite pleasant. "Father Gabrielle's Fairy" is much better, and we find on trial that it answers the end of giving innocent amusement to little children in quite an admirable way. It is a story of peasant life—the peasant life of children in Brittany at the time of the French Revolution—and in writing it Mrs. Peckham has evidently worked more under the influence of the idea that any work of fiction, however slight, is an artistic opportunity, than under the special inspiration of a Sunday-school prize for a Sunday-school book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Alger (H., jr.), <i>Mark, the Match Boy</i>	(Loring) 1 25
American Newspaper Directory.....	(G. P. Rowell & Co.) 5 00
Auerbach (B.), <i>The Villa on the Rhine, Vol. I., Author's Ed.</i>	(Leypoldt & Holt) \$1 75
Child-World: Poems for Children.....	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 75
Craven (Mme. A.), <i>Anne Séverin: a Tale</i>	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 50
Conybeare (Rev. W. J.), and Howson (Rev. J. S.), <i>The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, 2 vols in one</i>	(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 3 00
Griffiths (T. S.), <i>Songs for the Sanctuary, Baptist ed.</i>	(A. S. Barnes & Co.) 1 25
Hannay (J.), <i>Studies on Thackeray</i>	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 50
Hale (Rev. E. E.), <i>The Ingham Papers</i>	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Huxley (T. H.), <i>On the Physical Basis of Life, swd.</i>	(New Haven Courant) 0 25
Lever (C.), <i>That Boy of Norcott's, swd.</i>	(Harper & Bros.) 0 25
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XII., Jan.-Mar., 1869.....	(Littell & Gay) 1 50
Lawrence (G.), <i>Breaking a Butterfly: a Tale</i>	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 50
Locke (J.), <i>Thoughts on Education, 2 vols., swd.</i>	(J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) 0 40
Martin (E. W.), <i>The New Administration, swd.</i>	(Geo. S. Wilcox) 1 50
Murray (W. H. H.), <i>Adventures in the Wilderness</i>	(Fields, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Scott (G. C.), <i>Fishing in American Waters</i>	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Smith (Dr. W.), <i>Dictionary of the Bible, American ed., Part XVII., swd.</i>	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
Tischendorf (C.), <i>The New Testament, Tauschnitz ed., swd.</i>	(John Wiley & Sons) 1 00
Tyler (Miss S.), <i>Girlhood and Womanhood</i>	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 1 00
French (W. S.), <i>Realities of Irish Life</i>	(Roberts Bros.) 0 50
<i>The Velocipede, swd.</i>	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 50
Thackeray (Miss), <i>From an Island: a Tale, swd.</i>	(Loring) 0 30

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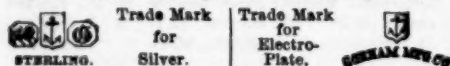
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